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THE BUDGET.

IT must be a pleasant thing to propose a pleasant Budget. Mr. GLADSTONE is no fair-weather sailor in the ocean of finance, for he has sometimes been so enamoured of danger that he has, by his own contrivance, made the seas run high. Even in seasons of calm, after bringing the bulk of his freight safely into port, he delights in little cruises and excursions to show his wit by steering too near the shore. For several years past the fringes and superfluities of his Budgets have been wisely curtailed by the House of Commons, and it is by no means improbable that a similar process will now be applied to some of his minor proposals. On a large scale, his statement and his recommendations will meet with unqualified approval, as a practical justification of former changes, and as a prudent compliance with the deliberate wishes and expectations of the country. It is not desirable that Englishmen should so far abandon their historical instincts as to count the cost of any sacrifice which might be demanded by the honour or the well-considered interest of the nation; yet the blessings of peace are never so forcibly depicted as in a balance-sheet with a respectable surplus. It is impossible to say what might have been Mr. GLADSTONE's duty in the midst of a war with Russia, with Germany, or with the United States. All these enterprises have in their turn been proposed by enthusiastic patriots, but happily the country was convinced that they were all unnecessary. One result of a prudent decision is found in an excess of income over expenditure to the amount of three millions and a half, and in a reduction within the year of the National Debt to nearly the same extent. Three millions and a fraction of diminished debt represents an annual saving of 100,000*l.*, which would maintain two or three regiments, or two or three iron-clad frigates in commission. Until an increase of armaments is required, the sum will fructify in the hands of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and ultimately in the pockets of the taxpayer. Whenever a great national exertion is hereafter required, the terms on which money may be borrowed will be sensibly affected by the previous reduction of the debt in time of peace. Frugality is, in a double sense, the cheap defence of nations. It is satisfactory to operate on the annual outlay by judicious reductions, but the diminution of the obstinate and inelastic mass of the debt is still more encouraging. The custom by which Finance Ministers habitually take too low an estimate of the revenue has alone sufficed to provide a not inconsiderable sinking fund. For two or three years Mr. GLADSTONE adopted a contrary practice, but in more prosperous times he has followed the orthodox precedent.

The large diminution of expenditure since 1860 is in the highest degree satisfactory. A reduction of six millions in four years could scarcely have been expected. But the estimate of between 66,000,000*l.* and 67,000,000*l.* for the ensuing year still compares unfavourably with the happy times before the Crimean war. In 1853 the expenditure was 53,000,000*l.*, which would have been increased to more than 57,000,000*l.* if the charges of collecting the revenue had then, as now, been included in the Budget. The saving by the discontinuance of the charge of the Long Annuities is 2,400,000*l.*; and, on the other hand, the Russian war increased the annual interest of the debt by more than a million. Of the total increase of expenditure since 1853, about three millions represents either the legitimate outlay which is caused by the increase of wealth and population, or the changes which have been deliberately adopted in the different public departments. The remaining excess of seven or eight millions is due to the increase, both in numbers and efficiency, of the army and navy. If peace continues, the expenditure may probably fall to about 65,000,000*l.*; but, except by the slow process of reducing the debt, it is difficult to foresee how a further reduction can be effected. The unfailing elasticity of the revenue will fortunately supply the means of extending the large relief

from taxation which has already been granted to the community.

In ordinary times it is an argument in favour of a Budget that its provisions have been generally anticipated, and for two successive years Mr. GLADSTONE has had the good sense to content himself mainly with the fulfilment of popular prophecy. In 1863 the Income-tax was reduced from the exorbitant rate of 9*d.* to 7*d.* in the pound, and the tea duty was at last brought down to 1*s.* per lb. Mr. GLADSTONE at the same time plainly intimated his intention of taking sugar next in order, and he has redeemed his pledge by a large reduction of the duty. The hopes which were entertained that the Income-tax would again assume more moderate dimensions have once more been satisfied. The facility of calculation will be in itself a perceptible advantage, and the rate—which has never but once in two-and-twenty years been so low—will largely diminish the objections to the tax. It would have been impossible to dispose more judiciously of two millions of the surplus, although a powerful and intelligent section of the mercantile community will object to the maintenance of a graduated duty on sugar. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with the technical details of the subject to form a confident opinion on the controversy. Mr. GLADSTONE's reasoning and authority will probably command the support of the House of Commons, although it may not be easy to answer the arguments in favour of a uniform charge. The discriminating duty must undoubtedly, to a certain extent, favour the importation of the coarser qualities of sugar; but the supporters of the present system maintain that an equal tax on unequal qualities would act as an artificial protection to the growers of pure sugar in Mauritius, and to foreign refiners. The test of an equitable tax is supplied by its approximation to the standard of leaving all interests and relative advantages as it found them. The disputants on both sides appeal with confidence to this principle, and a minute knowledge of the trade would be necessary before a sound judgment could be formed on their respective assertions. If the commodity were perfectly free, the place in which refineries would be established would be determined by complicated conditions of labour and capital. As copper is brought from Cuba to South Wales for smelting, it is probable that untaxed brown sugar might find its way to London for an analogous purpose. In general, *ad valorem* duties are equitable, although they are inconvenient; and if Mr. GLADSTONE has been mistaken, his error will be corrected hereafter by some better informed successor. The householder of 500*l.* or 600*l.* a year will find sensible relief from the changes of only two years. His Income-tax will be lighter by a third, his tea will be cheaper by 10*d.* in the pound, and his sugar by about one-third of the duty. The reduced duties on tea and sugar will be still more largely beneficial to the working classes. The county members may perhaps care comparatively little about sugar, but they will certainly prefer the saving of threepence in the pound on income to the removal of half the Malt-tax.

The petty alterations which are perhaps necessarily included in every Budget will this year require little discussion. Perhaps not a single member of the House, except Mr. GLADSTONE himself, knew before Thursday night that there were hawkers who kept two horses, or that they were whimsically charged double for the luxury of a relay. The reduction of the tea licence in little village shops is a somewhat more important matter, and perhaps it would have been better to repeal the tax altogether. If the plan of levying the import duty on corn by weight rather than by measure is convenient to the trade, no objection can be made to the change; but the scruples which Mr. GLADSTONE entertains as to even a fractional duty on corn indicate a purpose of making at some future time a useless sacrifice of revenue. If the tax were repealed, not a bushel more would be imported,

nor would a loaf be cheaper. When the general revenue is injuriously affected by a bad harvest, it is not inconvenient that the loss should be partially replaced by the duty on corn. Whenever the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may have a few thousands to spare, post horses and vehicles would have a stronger claim than wheat to his favourable attention.

The relief which will be afforded by the reduction of a penny in the pound of Income-tax is not inconsiderable, but Mr. GLADSTONE's arguments on the general question are perhaps more important. After an interval of several years he has resumed his former project of abolishing the tax, and he even holds out a hope that within a few years it may be reduced to threepence in the pound. It would be well if Finance Ministers would resist the temptation of discrediting modes of raising revenue which they are nevertheless compelled to retain. There is no use in dwelling annually on the supposed inequality of the Income-tax, or on the frauds which traders undoubtedly practise in their returns. With all its defects, the Income-tax redresses the fiscal balance, which would be deranged by the exclusive pressure of duties on consumption. It is for many reasons desirable that the percentage should be low, and it is still more important that it should be uniform for a considerable term of years. It would be more prudent to fix it at fourpence than at threepence, as the difference to the revenue would amount to a million and a quarter. In announcing his intentions or hopes, Mr. GLADSTONE once more recurred to his old theories on economy which perpetually oscillate between a fallacy and a truism. It is impossible to dispute the proposition that the Government and the House of Commons ought to avoid all unnecessary expense; but the expediency of saving bears no relation to the choice of methods by which the necessary resources may be provided. Considerable subtlety is required to follow the train of thought which led Mr. GLADSTONE to insert the statistics of pauperism in the midst of his statement on the Income-tax. The clue apparently is to be found in the arbitrary declaration that the principles of thrift which formerly influenced successive Governments cannot be re-established as long as the Income-tax forms a permanent portion of the fiscal system of the country. In other words, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thinks that the army and navy are too expensive, and that his colleagues and the House of Commons will be more likely to adopt his peculiar opinions if they can first be persuaded to starve the service. The logical blunder of putting the cart before the horse impairs the rhetorical effect of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches, while it unavoidably diminishes the general confidence in the soundness of his judgment. Perhaps he has never made so tiresome a Budget speech. If the Income-tax is to be repealed only because it encourages extravagance, it is evident that a similar objection applies to the Stamps, to the Customs, to the Excise, and to every other source of revenue. Perhaps, however, it is hypercritical to examine too closely questionable reasons for an unobjectionable Budget. When the day's work is done it is permissible to indulge in a little sophistical recreation.

GARIBALDI IN ENGLAND.

METEOROLOGICAL difficulties and the popular interpretation of the Fourth Commandment combined to make GARIBALDI's reception at Southampton a tame, not to say a dull, affair. Indeed, it was only owing to the necessity of filling four columns of the daily papers that we have heard of the hero's reception at all. If the *Ripon*—which seems to be the very slowest of the boats of the not very rapid P. and O. service—could but have floundered through the Bay of Biscay at even a little less than its usual tortoise-like rate of steaming, the concurrence of the first real day of spring and Saint Monday would have given the copious annalists of the cheap press some sort of excuse for the fine writing which they were expected to produce. But if Southampton on a wet day is an absorbent of all enthusiasm, Southampton on a wet Sunday must be fatal even to the vivacity of a penny-a-liner. However, to do the chief artist in this line only justice, he turned out a very fair brick without making the slightest pretence to having any straw. As a choice example of the art, or rather craft, of popular writing, "Our Own Reporter" who writes from Southampton to the *Daily Telegraph* deserves some study. HORACE, in the person of TIRESIAS, gave the formula of this sort of thing long ago:—

O Laertiade, quoloquid dico aut erit, aut non;

and popular preachers have made us familiar with this dodge of rhetoric. When they have to say what a thing is, they preface a very simple matter by a wonderful circumlocution

in saying what it is not. This trick of talk opens a field of verbiage which is, of course, literally boundless. There is nothing in heaven or earth, or under the earth, on which you cannot discourse for ever by saying that it is not something else. Aware of the redundant resources of the art of reporting when thus manipulated, the accomplished writer describes GARIBALDI's reception by saying what it was not. What is the fundamental notion of a reception? That of welcome. What do we know about popular welcomes? Having probably "done" the Princess of WALES's reception, the "famous hand" turned to his reminiscences of that great historical event. Not only did he do it last March twelvemonth in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, but the Laureate celebrated a Welcome to ALEXANDRA in verse quite as tumid and silly as his own prose. To echo TENNYSON's inflated verses and say that this was not GARIBALDI's reception—or to say, as contemporaries in this line said, that it was neither HENRY V. nor PHILIP of Spain, neither a Venetian argosy nor the historian TACITUS, who was expected—would of itself fill half a column. The execution of this dodge in the *Telegraph* was equal to its invention. "No guns were fired, and no flags fluttered out upon turrets and towers, and no steeples clanged and clashed"—which might be partly true, because there is at least a paucity of guns at Southampton, but which is probably partly untrue, because there are a good many steeples in the town, and church bells are generally rung on a Sunday. But still, whether there was bell-ringing or not, GARIBALDI was not welcomed by the Southampton youths with a peal of grand-sire caters, nor even with a royal salute. All that there was to record was the single fact that GARIBALDI came on shore in a drizzling rain, in that most unpoetical craft, a harbour tug, got into a carriage, and was driven to the Mayor's house.

We must do GARIBALDI the simple justice of remarking that there really were some difficulties for him to avoid, and some meshes of intrigue in which he might have been fatally entangled had he not had the prudence, or good taste, or good luck to avoid them. Not only did he pointedly discourage any attempt at a political demonstration on the part of his Italian friends, but when certain English touters tried, like the Yankee purveyors of news, to kidnap the simple soldier before landing, he defeated this intrigue on the part of the English democrats. A Mr. RICHARDSON, who, we are told, is the Treasurer of the London GARIBALDI Committee, boarded the steamer outside Southampton Water, almost succeeded in inveigling GARIBALDI, and a promise seems to have been extorted that he should be the guest of a private person at Southampton, we suppose of strong political views. GARIBALDI, however, to the chagrin of some who had surrounded him, had the good policy at once to accept the Mayor's invitation; and he subsequently became the guest of Mr. SEELY in the Isle of Wight. Thence, much to the disgust of the *Advertiser*, which lifts up its testimony against this "ingenious device of the aristocracy to diminish the hero's reputation and impair his usefulness," he will proceed to accept the hospitality of the Duke of SUTHERLAND at Stafford House—that sumptuous palace, *leonum nutrix*, which, since its reception of Mrs. BEECHER STOWE, has earned a sort of right to entertain the distinguished foreigner. This is as it should be. The member for Lincoln and the Duke of SUTHERLAND represent very sufficiently the social as well as the political elements which ought to divest GARIBALDI's visit of a party aspect. And when this little difficulty, which only a blundering or a mischievous spirit could have caused, was got over, all that can be told is told. On one important fact there is a direct conflict of historical testimony, which may one day cause perplexity to the *Notes and Queries* of the future. The *Standard* informs us "that a lady, locally renowned for her 'Garibaldian poetry,' gained from Mr. BRINTON, the Mayor, the 'privilege of conveying the General in her carriage to the Mayor's residence;'" but in another and contemporaneous account we read that this honour was given to "the Mayor's 'carriage and four greys,'" which have probably figured at many of the nuptial processions of the town. We blush to say that we are not acquainted with the fame of this SAPHO of Southampton; but if a lady's carriage was honoured by so precious a burthen, we discern the fittingness of GARIBALDI's choice. The ladies have always been Garibaldians to a woman; he is the sort of man to suit the feminine notion of a hero. They have named a garment after GARIBALDI which has a semivivacious and loose look about it, and before our distinguished guest gets back to his farm and his goats he will have had to submit to more gushing feminine demonstrations than that offered by "the beautiful English girl who addressed the hero in a fluent

"and fervid strain of silvery Italian, and almost knelt to 'kiss his hand,' just as they do at Richardson's or the Royal Victoria. However, we may be thankful if it is only nonsense with which GARIBALDI will be pelted. Red shirts, whether chemises or hemises, are only a matter of questionable taste; and if the polychromatic attire and grey cloak become even a more general fashion, it will be all in the interests of British manufacture, and will only be another instance of the British imitative faculty. Our women may dress after GARIBALDI, and there may be a harmless increase in the number of young and bearded enthusiasts who will affect the leonine aspect of one who is certainly a lion in a more literal sense than the usual guests of Mrs. LEO HUNTER. If it is only in his eccentric attire that GARIBALDI will be copied, and if his red shirt—for he is said never to have been master of a dress coat—should blaze out amid the lesser lights of the London Season to which he has timed his visit, we shall be really thankful for a breach in the dull monotony of our receptions and of our wardrobes.

But it is quite possible that GARIBALDI may misinterpret the very sincere, and we dare say it will occasionally be the impetuous, character of our welcome. He may give undue weight to phrases which are only meant as phrases and conventionalisms. He has been welcomed by what the rhetoricians of the cheap press style "Saxon cheers," and it is not unlikely that his usual friends and advisers—and it would have been quite as prudent had he left some of them at Caprera—may tell him that the hurrahs which have this ethnological peculiarity may have some special reference to Venetia or to the French occupation of Rome. But it will turn out that, whatever special significance a Saxon cheer may be supposed to possess, it does not mean any national resolve to embark in a crusade in favour of oppressed nationalities. Foreigners may be pardoned when they attach an excess of significance to a noisy English crowd. We have plenty of Saxon cheers always ready in our streets. Hungary would call them out; and little Denmark is saluted at the present moment with much of this enthusiasm of the lungs; and Poland, last year, had plenty of this sort of sympathy. It is a standing joke with the comic press of Paris that we are always ready to pat oppressed nationalities on the back and tell them to go in and win. But here we stop. It is a growing habit with us, and though it shows a national characteristic which is not perhaps very lofty, we fear it is getting deeper and deeper into the national character. GARIBALDI will do well if he gets to understand us in this respect. KOSSUTH misunderstood our Working Men's Committees and their noisy congratulations; and his career may prove a useful beacon to GARIBALDI. The lesson will be a difficult one to learn. GARIBALDI has a fine volcanic temperament; had he not been a fanatic and enthusiast, he could not have won his successes. But the more disinterested and pure a man's fanaticism—and never was a single idea pursued with more of disinterestedness and purity than GARIBALDI's career has displayed—the less capable is he of entering into that statecraft and policy which not only governs a country like England, but by which even the noisiest of the Saxon cheerers deliberately chooses that England should be governed. CAVOUR was a man to whom GARIBALDI entertained a personal antipathy. He could not understand the political mind. He thought it tricky, insincere, and false, and perhaps he will draw the same contrast between Saxon cheers and British policy. And so with respect to the social greeting which GARIBALDI will receive from men of all politics and all ranks. Something of the many compliments which will be heaped upon him will be due to the fashion—to that fashion which in the month of May, *faute de mieux*, loads even M. DU CHAILLU's mantelpiece with visiting-cards. Something of a more real enthusiasm will be felt towards GARIBALDI. It is not often that we have the chance of meeting a man whose whole life is one long romance, full of startling incident, picturesque success, and personal purity of mind and motive. There is in the man GARIBALDI everything to call out personal sympathy. He has done some unwise things and said some very foolish things; but there is a crystal transparency of character about him, a truthfulness in his loves and hates, which is, and ought to be, very attractive. The worst of it is that these very transparent characters think that everybody is as transparent as themselves. The deputations from the provincial towns, and even the sublime Common Council of the City of London, however well they may reflect public opinion, do not pretend to represent or to anticipate public action. A yelling and shrieking crowd carried GARIBALDI in triumph through Sicily, and swept a dynasty before it; a Saxon cheering crowd will give GARIBALDI the opportunity of comparing the volume of

noise which two crowds can make. But here the affinity between an Italian and an English crowd begins and ends. Not that we mean nothing by all our welcomes and congratulations. We do mean a good deal, and what in the long run has its influence. But it requires an English mind thoroughly to appreciate the force of any English demonstration. The French Emperor, because he lived so long amongst us, knows pretty well what public meetings, and deputations, and presentations of freedom, and mayors and corporations are worth politically. Many of the French public men do not, and we can hardly expect GARIBALDI to be better informed. Besides, he has all his life through been surrounded by inferior people, and he has only by the exercise of his own good sense—a good sense for which many were not disposed to give him credit—escaped a severe stumble on the very shore of England.

Let him only continue to exercise the same good sense, and he is safe. He is sure to find sensible and judicious friends; and he has already learned that there are injudicious ones ready to make use of him, though, much to his credit, he has given proof that he knows how to estimate them. The infamous suggestion of the purchase of a million muskets, though probably intended only as a feeler, has been disavowed with an indignation which may be genuine. One thing let him avoid—that is, avoid it as much as he can. We are hinting at the danger of vulgarizing his visit. We see that it is announced that the Temperance Societies propose to make capital out of a man who is constitutionally incapable of wine-drinking. Teetotalism is a fanaticism partly foolish and partly mischievous, but altogether vulgar. No man, not even a hero, can afford to be the victim of brass bands, Temperance banners, and the tomfoolery of Foresters and Bands of Hope. Even if he escapes the snares of the Mazzinists, it will strain his well-earned reputation and his personal nobility of character to the cracking point if he becomes the tool and victim of obscure vulgarity, of street processions, and fifth-rate speech-makers. But vulgarity may be pardoned when such an audacious proposal has been made, though only to be dismissed with instant indignation on the part of Lord PALMERSTON, that the Volunteers should line the streets of London for a triumphal entry of "the Apostle of Liberty."

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

THE retirement of the Duke of NEWCASTLE from the Government in consequence of illness will have caused general regret. No Minister has been more thoroughly respected and trusted, although the office which he has administered for several years has furnished comparatively few occasions for Parliamentary discussion. Although he is still in middle life, the Duke of NEWCASTLE has had long experience in public affairs. He held two or three offices under Sir ROBERT PEEL, and at last occupied a seat in his Cabinet. During Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Administration he was a prominent member of the small but powerful party which often held the balance of power. As a member of Lord ABERDEEN's Government, he was Secretary for the Colonies until the War-Office was erected into a separate department, and he has now for nearly five years been again Colonial Minister. When he attended the Prince of WALES to Canada and the United States as his official adviser, the Duke of NEWCASTLE gave universal satisfaction by his discretion and dignity. The prejudice which at first attached to his administration of the War-Office in 1854 has been long since dissipated by fuller knowledge of the circumstances. In his earnest desire to prosecute the war with effect he stood almost alone among his colleagues. The disasters of the Crimea represented the military organization of a long and careless peace, and the subsequent restoration of efficiency was in no small degree due to the exertions of the Minister who had in the meantime become a sacrifice to popular discontent. The genuine interest which the Duke of NEWCASTLE felt in the national cause was shown by the immediate employment of his compulsory leisure in a visit to the seat of war. No chief of a great patrician house has more uniformly despised the temptation of abandoning himself to the luxury of idleness, and his well-deserved reputation for industry, for vigour, and for honesty has undoubtedly added strength to the Ministry. In political opinion, the Duke of NEWCASTLE has inclined rather to the more Liberal section of the Cabinet than to the prudent Conservatism of Lord PALMERSTON. He is believed to have been one of three or four sincere reformers among his colleagues, but it may be doubted whether Mr. GLADSTONE's financial experiments have at all times

commanded his approval. His personal acquaintance with the United States has not tempted him to become a partisan on either side of a foreign quarrel. It was once his unpleasant duty to rebuke an impertinent remark of Mr. SEWARD's about the annexation of Canada; but the Duke of NEWCASTLE must have been deeply impressed with the resources of the Northern States, and perhaps he may have entertained a qualified sympathy for American institutions.

The changes which have followed the Duke of NEWCASTLE's retirement will but slightly affect the character or stability of the Government. Mr. CARDWELL and Lord CLARENDON were almost equally available if their services had at any time been required by their party, although one of them held a sinecure place, while the other for the time enjoyed an official furlough. Mr. CARDWELL will probably never become a statesman of the highest rank, but it was absurd to condemn one of the most industrious and competent members of the Cabinet to total idleness, and Lord PALMERSTON has at last shown sound judgment in taking him down from the shelf. He has been unlucky in a prolonged exclusion from high office, especially as he several years ago declined promotion from motives of delicacy which did credit to his character. Originally a disciple and favourite of Sir ROBERT PEEL, Mr. CARDWELL was one of the first to understand that the ex-Conservative leaders could not with advantage cling together as a separate party. After the overthrow of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Ministry, he allied himself independently with the great Liberal majority, and in the same capacity he served as President of the Board of Trade in Lord ABERDEEN's Government, which was afterwards presided over by Lord PALMERSTON. Mr. CARDWELL never affected to concur in the fantastical pretences which were assigned by Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir JAMES GRAHAM for their subsequent resignation; yet, when Lord PALMERSTON offered him the vacant Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he refused to gratify a legitimate ambition because he might have been thought to profit at the expense of his former political associates. The consequent selection of Sir GEORGE LEWIS was fully justified by the result, and the great reputation which the new Minister rapidly acquired naturally overshadowed Mr. CARDWELL's pretensions. On the formation of Lord PALMERSTON's second Ministry, it became necessary to find places for the leaders of every section of the Liberal party. Mr. CARDWELL was accordingly forced to content himself with the Irish Secretaryship, and perhaps the correct precision of his character and intellect may not have been sufficiently tinged with genial eccentricity for the atmosphere of Dublin. After two or three years, Lord PALMERSTON tried the questionable experiment of substituting for his prudent and decorous colleague a Minister whom his worst enemies can scarcely accuse of commonplace regularity. Mr. CARDWELL's patient acquiescence in the inglorious leisure of the Duchy of Lancaster is at last fitly rewarded by the seals of a Secretary of State. He will conduct the affairs of the Colonies with business-like punctuality, and with the fairness which may be expected from a dispassionate character and from a legal training. To general deliberations on domestic and foreign policy he will bring one of the clearest heads among the Ministers, and he will never be led astray by unseasonable enthusiasm. There is not the smallest danger that any foreign revolutionist will ever have his letters addressed to Mr. CARDWELL's house.

In becoming Chancellor of the Duchy, Lord CLARENDON perhaps less distinctly waives his higher pretensions than if he had accepted an efficient though subordinate office. As one of the most trusted and experienced members of the dominant party, he would naturally have been included in the Cabinet from its formation if the crowd of claimants had been less urgent. Having for several years administered the Foreign Office, he was probably disinclined to accept any less dignified and conspicuous post, and yet it was impossible to dispute Lord RUSSELL's right to the second place in the Government. Lord CLARENDON is one of a fortunate class which is seldom out of office, and he might at one time, if he had wished to transfer his services, have changed his party without sacrificing his official rank. A thoroughly accomplished man of the world, he had considerable practice in diplomacy before he entered Lord MELBOURNE's Cabinet five-and-twenty years ago. During Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Administration he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and when Lord PALMERSTON, under Lord ABERDEEN, stepped aside for a time into the obscurity of the Home Office, Lord CLARENDON became, after a short interval, Foreign Secretary. He was thought to have shown so much ability in conducting the Russian Correspondence that Lord DERBY, when he attempted to form a Government at the beginning of 1855, invited him to continue in the same office. At the

close of the war, Lord CLARENDON, in conformity with precedent, acted as Plenipotentiary in the Congress of Paris, where he committed the remarkable error of adopting the French language of complaint against the freedom of the Belgian press. His principal defect as a Minister is perhaps an absence of instinctive sympathy with the national opinion or feeling. Diplomats by profession and by nature are almost always too cosmopolitan to exercise commanding influence at home. Unusual skill in languages, and a perfect manner, qualify Lord CLARENDON to take part with advantage in high political intercourse. His tact, and his freedom from prejudice or irritability, render him a desirable colleague, but he is not one of the statesmen who will ever command a following. His return to office shows that he has learned by experience that it is a mistake to retire. It is undoubtedly painful to descend in the official hierarchy, but it is more dangerous to be out of sight. When Lord JOHN RUSSELL found that he could not resume the Premiership, he became successively President of the Council, leader of the House of Commons without office, and Colonial Secretary; and he has since received a partial reward for his self-denial in his tenure of the second office in the Government. Lord PALMERSTON also, in 1853, found himself excluded by circumstances from the department which he had administered during the greater part of a quarter of a century. He thought it better to wait for opportunity, and for the possible mistakes of rivals, in the Home Office than in private life; and even in 1859, though he had been previously Prime Minister for three years, he offered to take a seat in the Cabinet under Lord GRANVILLE or Lord RUSSELL. Having once more entered the official precincts, Lord CLARENDON will probably remain in the Cabinet as long as it survives. If it should be necessary to select a new chief, he will perhaps be one of the candidates for the post, but the choice among the magnates of the party will be far less important than the selection of a leader in the House of Commons.

In ordinary circumstances, the retirement of a Junior Lord of the Admiralty would pass unnoticed, but it is certain that Mr. STANSFELD's resignation has saved the Government from a serious danger. It was impossible to have behaved more injudiciously in a position which was essentially false, but there is no imputation on Mr. STANSFELD's character or honour. It is unfortunate that an able and promising representative of the extreme Liberal party should have been interrupted by his own fault in his official apprenticeship. There is no more beneficial change than the conversion of a zealot into a man of business, and although Mr. MILNER GIBSON has been effectually tamed, there was room for two or three other disciples, who might have proved that ability for affairs was not exclusively confined to the members of half-a-dozen families. On the balance of changes, the Government has lost as much as it has gained, except that it has righted itself by cutting away the wreck of Mr. STANSFELD. The choice of a new Lord of the Admiralty will not present any insuperable difficulty.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

THOSE who still desire to understand the legal and historical merits of the quarrel between Denmark and Germany will do well to study a Lecture which has been delivered at Oxford by Mr. BERNARD, as Professor of International Law. No previous writer who has entered so deeply into the technical controversy has been equally impartial and dispassionate, although, like the majority of Englishmen, Mr. BERNARD on the whole wishes well to Denmark rather than to her enemies. His general conclusion is that "an unbiassed jurisconsult would incline to decide in favour of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, and an unbiassed statesman against him." Mr. BERNARD is, of course, well aware that a statesman biassed neither by interest nor by a comparison of forces is as imaginary a character as the New Zealander of London Bridge. The jurisconsult, especially when he is German, is likely to be more rigid in his uncompromising logic; but he has already done his part in precipitating a war, and artillery will henceforth be substituted for legal deductions. Mr. BERNARD's researches have thrown valuable light on the promise of the first OLDENBURG Duke that Schleswig and Holstein should thenceforward remain undivided (*ungedeelt*). It has been plausibly argued that the engagement was intended to prevent the two Duchies, considered as units, from being respectively subdivided; but precisely the same words are used by the Bavarian Emperor LEWIS in uniting Upper and Lower Bavaria into a single dukedom, with the promise that the country shall

thenceforth be one, and shall remain perpetually undivided (*ungetheilt bleiben ewiglich*). The promise of CHRISTIAN OF OLDENBURG could not, as Mr. BERNARD shows, "create an indissoluble union, even of a personal kind, between the two countries. But the interests which dictated this engagement continued in after times to preserve an intimate connexion between them, which subsists in great measure to this day, notwithstanding the administrative changes which they have undergone. There is no such thing in law or in fact as a Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein. But no one can doubt that, though Schleswig contains a large Danish population—Danish in language, sympathies, and habits—Schleswig is, as a whole, less closely attached to Denmark than to Holstein."

It may be hoped that, at the Conference, Lord RUSSELL will not support the Danes in their reliance on the stipulations by which the separation of the Duchies was acknowledged in 1851. The anti-national policy of Prince SCHWARTZENBERG and the cowardly subserviency of FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. have been principal causes of the irritation which has since prevailed in Germany on the Danish question. It cannot be doubted that both Austria and Prussia are determined to avail themselves of the present opportunity to retract their common error. The King of PRUSSIA has personally assured a deputation from Schleswig that the union of the Duchies will be restored; and Count RECHBERG has, in more than one of his diplomatic communications, intimated a similar intention. The Danes, who have consistently professed indifference to the project of a Conference, will perhaps withdraw from the negotiations in preference to sacrificing any of their pretensions; but the English Government, which is principally responsible for the experiment of a Conference, can scarcely stultify itself by affecting to suppose that peace can be restored except by concessions on the part of the weaker belligerent. The administrative union of the Duchies, or rather of Holstein with Southern Schleswig, is a measure so expedient in itself as to justify the mediating Powers in strongly recommending its adoption. The inhabitants of the Duchies probably care more earnestly for the connexion than for the dynasty which they have proclaimed as the symbol of their independence. It must not, however, be supposed that Austria and Prussia will be satisfied without further proofs that they have won something for Germany, although they have opposed the popular will and defied the vote of the Diet. The Governments of the smaller States are taking fright at the agitation which they have countenanced, and they are probably now inclined to come to an understanding with the Great Powers. German patriotism also finds it hard to sympathize with the fortunes of the army in Schleswig, and at the same time to resent the enterprise as a violation of national rights. It is, therefore, on the whole, probable that the different parties in the Confederation will soon approach to a reconciliation, in which the majority of the Diet will withdraw some of its demands in consideration of securities which Austria and Prussia may pledge themselves to extort from Denmark. It is much to be wished that the non-German Powers would promote the only compromise which is likely to be durable, by suggesting the division of Schleswig, and perhaps establishing a personal union between the Kingdom and the German province. The most serious objection to the scheme would probably arise from the proved importance of the island of Alsens as a military position. It may be necessary to convince the Danish Government by withdrawal from the discussion, if argument proves insufficient, that the object of the Conference is to arrive at some practicable settlement, and not to deliver a judicial decision on controverted rights.

The last instalment of the Correspondence is generally uninteresting, though it forms a necessary portion of the history of the proceedings. The publication furnishes a curious commentary on the protests which are sometimes uttered against what is called secret diplomacy. Some doubts may arise whether the wholesale publicity afforded to despatches is not a more reasonable ground of complaint. The Government is probably aware that it is indispensable to satisfy Parliament and the country of its activity and prudence. In a multitude of counsellors there is safety, and the world in general is freely admitted to the Dano-German Council; but, as RALEIGH in *Kenilworth* suggests to Queen ELIZABETH, the safety is perhaps ensured rather to the physicians than to the patient. M. VON BISMARCK and Count RECHBERG might possibly, in some instances, have given more satisfactory answers to the inquiries or remonstrances addressed to them if they had not foreseen that within a month their explanations would be printed in an English Blue-book. The reports which have no doubt been made to the Government by the English

agents in the neighbourhood of the seat of war have, with good reason, been sparingly inserted. There is little profit in reading obsolete news, and the correspondents of the daily papers supply narratives of current events which are at the same time trustworthy and inconveniently diffuse. The Conference itself supersedes the curiosity which might at one time have been felt as to the probable success of Lord RUSSELL's untiring efforts. Austria and Prussia concurred without hesitation; Russia was cordial, while France gave a lukewarm assent; and Denmark alone hesitated to accept a proposal which was chiefly made for her benefit. The invaders were willing to establish an armistice either on the ground of actual possession on each side, or on condition that Schleswig should be evacuated by the Danes and Jutland by the Germans. It would have been unreasonable to expect the Danish army to retire from Alsens, but the motives which have induced Denmark to reject the armistice on the terms of the *uti possidetis* are difficult to appreciate.

In one respect, Lord RUSSELL's policy is open to question or to censure. It appears from various parts of the Correspondence that he was ready to take up arms on behalf of Denmark, if he could have obtained the concurrence of the non-German parties to the Treaty of 1852; and it is perhaps owing to the prudence of Russia and France that England is not at this moment engaged in an unjust and unnecessary war. Lord RUSSELL appears to have held to the allies of England nearly the same language which the Emperor NAPOLEON a year ago addressed to England and Austria on the affairs of Poland. In his answer to the formal demand of the Danish Minister for assistance, he explains the continued neutrality of England by the indisposition of France and Russia to interfere. The excuse was in itself sufficient; but it ought not to have been required. There was no English interest to render a war with Germany expedient, and the Treaty of 1852, which furnishes a pretext for remonstrance, neither includes a guarantee nor in any manner cures defects which may exist in the King of DENMARK's title to the Duchies. It is strange that Lord COWLEY should have been instructed to direct the attention of M. DROUYN DE LHUYS to the obsolete Treaty of 1720. Since that time the whole European system has been repeatedly remodelled. England has been more than once at war with Denmark, and Norway has been detached from the monarchy. The French Minister had little difficulty in showing that the treaty had become absurdly inapplicable by producing an old map in which the ducal and royal provinces were inextricably mixed up, much in the same way as the scraps which compose the Scotch county of Cromarty are splashed about the neighbouring districts. As the guarantee only affected the part of Schleswig which had before 1720 been ducal, it would have been ridiculous to demand that the Austrian and Prussian armies should evacuate six out of a dozen adjacent townships. It would have been more dignified and judicious to decline active interference on behalf of an insignificant territorial arrangement of a century and a half ago. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF has been uniformly cautious, temperate, courteous, and in profession friendly to Denmark. M. DROUYN DE LHUYS is polite and ostentatiously calm, and his last despatch forcibly illustrates the objections to a literal adherence to the Treaty of 1852. He is, however, especially solicitous to protect the national rights of Schleswig and Holstein, and to respect the wishes of the inhabitants. He therefore suggests that means might be taken to consult those who are principally concerned, and, as might be expected, France considers that communities speak most intelligibly and sincerely through universal suffrage. Whatever solution may be found for existing difficulties, the English Government will not recognise the divine right of numerical majorities. Lord RUSSELL is perhaps too busy and too eager, but, in comparison with his foreign rivals, he may assert that his goodwill to the Danish Government is pre-eminent and indisputable. If the Conference succeeds, England will, after all, have the credit of restoring peace. It is much to be regretted that, in the meantime, useless slaughter should be occasioned by the Prussian operations against the Danish position.

MR. STANSFELD.

WHEN the punishment of his error or fault has overtaken a man, it is impossible to repress a feeling of commiseration for him, however grave that error may have been. Mr. STANSFELD is out; he has paid the penalty for his fault; and the recollection of the fault seems to be wholly effaced in a feeling of regret that his resignation should have been the necessary result of it. To a calm observer, it is clear that the whole blame of the transaction

rests upon Mr. STANSFELD himself. If he had remembered the obvious rule that the member of one Government must not appear, however indirectly, as an accomplice in conspiracies against another and a friendly Government, his friendship for MAZZINI would never have been called in question. It was not his intimacy with a proscribed man—it was the facilities which he gave to a conspirator which have brought him into trouble. Again, if he had spoken out at first—or if he had said that the statements he desired to make were not such as could properly be made while the trials in Paris were pending, and had asked for a Secret Committee to investigate the charges against him—there would have been no need, assuming his own defence of himself to be accurate, that he should resign his office. The irritation which was produced in the House of Commons, and which had mounted to that pitch that, if Mr. STANSFELD had not left the Government, he must have brought it to the ground, was due entirely to the ambiguity and seeming subterfuge with which the first demand for investigation was repelled. The ultra-Liberal papers make out a case of gross hardship in his behalf, and vow all kinds of vows of horrible vengeance over his political corpse. But it is difficult to see who beside Mr. STANSFELD is to blame. The Opposition acted as his accusers as a matter of course. It is their function to act as public prosecutor of the errors of the Government; and, if the Procureur-Imperial spoke the truth, there was no doubt that a grievous error had been committed. A public prosecutor may be blamed if he charges a prisoner without any case at all, or with a case which is *prima facie* insufficient; but Mr. STANSFELD's resignation is the best proof that there was a case of some plausibility against him. If he had been absolutely innocent, or guilty only of what in the eyes of the mass of men would be looked on as a venial mistake, he need not have feared to challenge the verdict of a House of Commons of which the Government still commands a majority. What the verdict would have been we cannot know. He did not wait to see. But what we may assume is, that either he or those who elbowed him out of office thought the chances too hazardous to be risked. They knew what the case was, and they knew that the tribunal was, if anything, favourable; and, having that knowledge, they decided that it was safer to compromise the suit. This is not quite a case of martyrdom. Martyrs are people who, having been tried, or having been refused a trial, suffer wrongfully—not people who, being accused, think it wiser to avoid being tried at all. Mr. EDWIN JAMES did, indeed, take this view of martyrdom. He fled to New York, and informed his new countrymen that he had been persecuted by a corrupt aristocracy. Mr. STANSFELD is commiserated by his organs as a victim to the same fate. It would, of course, be absurd in any degree to compare the two men together, except in respect to the singular inappropriateness of the plea which has been set up in their behalf. The Radical papers please themselves with reflecting that a day will come when there shall be neither Whig nor Tory, and that then Mr. STANSFELD will have his own again. But even when that millennium arrives, we doubt whether a member of the English Government will be allowed without question to give his aid to a conspirator who is avowedly plotting against allied Governments, and has a number of "enthusiastic" friends with a taste for assassination.

The case as it now stands between the French Government and Mr. STANSFELD is as mysterious as ever it was. The awkward fact is the perpetual recurrence of assassination plots in France, in which MAZZINI's name is mixed up. It is difficult to frame a theory which, consistently with his innocence, shall dispose of the statements that have been made against him. If it were in Austria, or in Rome, that these alleged disclosures had been published, the reply would be easy and obvious. The Government, it might be said, are bitterly hostile to the idea of Italian unity, and they do not scruple to invent any falsehood which can damage its great apostle. But no one can accuse the French Government of any such bias. It has done more for Italian unity than a whole generation of MAZZINIS. Some of its chief supporters are keen enthusiasts for the same idea. Some of its most dreaded opponents, like MONTALEMBERT, are also the most formidable antagonists of the project to which MAZZINI has devoted his life. It has no motive for blackening his character. And of course, with the absence of all motive for falsifying evidence, the case becomes excessively strong. There is always a certain difficulty in supposing that two eminent lawyers in succession, with reputations to lose, should have formally made in open court detailed and categorical statements which they knew to be pure and simple fictions. There is some

violence in assuming this, even on the supposition that there were obvious motives to induce the French Government to put a pressure upon them for that purpose. But that they should have done so out of pure wickedness, without any pressure from above, is simply inconceivable. Yet, if they have not been guilty of wilful and deliberate deception, the statements they have made must be true. It must be true that TIBALDI confessed to having been in communication with Mr. STANSFELD as well as with MAZZINI. It must be true that letters have been found, and still exist, in the handwriting of MAZZINI, directing two of the conspirators to resort to TIBALDI's house in Paris for arms, and to Mr. STANSFELD's brewery in London for money. It must be true that DONATI also confessed to having met MAZZINI at the same brewery in order to concert his plot. It must be true that MAZZINI gave GRECO a reference to the same address for the same purposes. Then, if these things are true, is it possible that Mr. STANSFELD had no suspicion of what was going on? Did it never strike him as rather odd that the particular friends of the immaculate MAZZINI were perpetually coming to grief in France on account of alleged participation in murder plots? Did it never occur to him that it would be better to be less active in giving aid to a man over whose associates this curious and inexplicable fatality seemed to hang? Above all, might it not have suggested itself to him that the correspondence of gentlemen of this kind might possibly be eccentric, and that they might conveniently find some other *Poste Restante* than his house?

The whole story is passing strange. Everything connected with Mr. STANSFELD—his unspotted character, his obviously unselfish zeal, the good taste and high gentlemanly feeling which upon all other occasions have marked his conduct, his bold and lofty tone of thought—all combine to make it incredible that he should ever have soiled his hands in the peculiar sort of intrigues in which MAZZINI has unquestionably dabbled. But it is a case in which the whole burden of the defence is thrown upon the witnesses to character. It is clear that somebody must have been guilty of falsehood. Between us and the interviews which are said to have taken place at the celebrated brewery, there are probably three links of evidence to be made good. There are the criminals themselves who made the confession, the *Juges d'Instruction* or other officers who received it at their lips, and the Procureur-Imperial who read from their record. The first two may probably be received without question. One criminal may have lied, but it is not likely that all three, arrested at different periods, should have conspired to tell a similar story, if it was false. The *Juges d'Instruction*, again, acting simply for the information of their superiors, and not disposed more than the mass of Frenchmen to any political *animus* against either MAZZINI or Mr. STANSFELD, were open to no motive that could have induced them to falsify the evidence which it was their duty to record. The issue lies between the Procureur-Imperial and Mr. STANSFELD. There seems to be no escape from that dilemma. Either the first law officer in France has been guilty of a falsehood, or rather of a long string of falsehoods, as impudent as any of which history contains an example; or else Mr. STANSFELD has been afflicted with a blindness as to the use that has been made of his house, his name, and his money, to which no other epithet than that of fatuity can be given. It is to be regretted that the results have been so painful to himself; but those who consort with arch-conspirators should walk more warily. His neglect to divest himself of all questionable associations when he became a member of a regular Government betrayed an amount of native incaution which might well have led him into more serious trouble than that through which he has just passed.

MR. ROEBUCK ON THE STUDY OF POLITICS.

MR. ROEBUCK lately addressed a very sensible, if not a very original, speech to a Church Institute at Hull. The ostensible subject was the study of politics; and the avowed moral consisted in the popular truism that those who exercise political power ought, as one condition, to be educated. Mr. ROEBUCK, like many of his contemporaries, has more than once changed his opinions during five-and-thirty years of public life. He has been an extreme Radical, a moderate Liberal, and again a vehement Reformer, and at present he is apparently not disinclined to leave the institutions of the country as they are. He professes to be in some degree frightened by the results of American democracy, and he loses few opportunities of praising the wealthy and educated classes who now virtually control the Government. He informed the chairman of the meeting, who seems to have belonged to the Conservative party, that Lord DERBY's Reform

Bill would have increased the constituency of Sheffield from 7,000 to 18,000, or a hundred and fifty per cent. It is not evident whether Mr. ROEBUCK would have approved of the change, but his statement forcibly illustrates the facility with which a new Constitution may be introduced. If Mr. DISRAELI was ready to disfranchise the existing constituencies of England, in the hope of prolonging for two or three years his tenure of power, another Minister may, under more favourable circumstances, effect a revolution within the limits of a single Session. Mr. ROEBUCK expects that the franchise will be extended to the great mass of the population, or, in language more appropriate to his former opinions than to his present tendencies, that "the great body of the people of England will govern the people of England." Accordingly, he holds that it is the duty of wise men "to be prepared for that which may be a great and alarming event." He wishes the masses of the people to be able to detect charlatans, and he believes that they are at present so ignorant that he would be unwilling to trust his own destiny in their hands. It is not difficult to find illustrations of the prevalence of stupidity and folly. Mr. ROEBUCK quoted the case of the Essex villagers who killed a poor deaf and dumb wizard, and with a natural zest he described a superstition about toads which prevailed in a cottage adjacent to his own house. Both classes of fanatics might defend themselves by the example of table-turners and spirit-rappers who pay rents much above the ten-pound standard; yet no one supposes that the gentlemen and ladies who believe in Mr. HOME are likely to create a revolution.

Instruction of this kind is good enough for a Church Institute at Hull, but it affords little profit or solace to thoughtful politicians. Let all people, by all means, have all the education which can be provided for them; and let the tradesmen of Hull, as Mr. ROEBUCK exhorts them, discard the fear that they will "be upset in their intellectual greatness by the labouring man." Yet even if the belief in wizards and in the sanitary properties of toads were finally uprooted, it by no means follows that a numerical majority would govern the country well or wisely. There are great fools among the upper classes, but their folly is not likely to assume the form of a fancy for anarchy or spoliation. Spirit-rappers perfectly understand the value of the constable and the expediency of protecting property. Toad-fanciers, on the other hand, rise in insurrection at the summons of a man like THOM, who called himself Sir WILLIAM COURTENAY, partly because they are ignorant, but principally because they are poor. If all the artisans and labourers in the kingdom were metaphysicians or Greek scholars, the sovereignty of the greatest number would still involve risks of its own. A ruling minority, with all its faults, is held in check by the reserved physical power of the subject majority; but when the multitude is legally as well as ultimately supreme, its power is likely to degenerate into tyranny. Platitudes on popular education almost always assume that the working classes form an anomalous exception to the intellectual cultivation of the gentry and of the professional and trading community. There is undoubtedly a difference in knowledge between the bar-parlour and the tap-room, and a higher standard of intelligence is established in still more favoured regions, but no experienced observer who knows that Tony Lumpkins are still to be found among country squires, and remembers the nonsense which is habitually talked in respectable society, attributes the security of English institutions to the prevalence of theoretical knowledge. Instincts and habits and visible interests exercise a conservative influence which would never arise from books. The spread of knowledge has undoubtedly effected much practical good. The faith in wizards and toads is declining, and in a future generation the workmen of the manufacturing towns will probably abjure their economic heresies, but democracy will not be changed in its nature, though it may be modified in its results, by any process of education.

Mr. ROEBUCK's extravagant and unjust horror of America ought to have secured him against the fallacy of relying implicitly on schoolmasters. It is extremely unlikely that for many years the bulk of Englishmen will, on an average, be as well educated as the people of the Northern States, and especially of New England, and it is scarcely possible that at any future time a labouring population can find leisure for a higher order of instruction. Yet Mr. ROEBUCK declares that, although he is a Liberal, and not disposed to be frightened, "the terrible example" has frightened him. Although his alarm is exaggerated, it is not altogether unfounded, and it is directly applicable to the highly-taught constituencies

which he would train for the exercise of universal suffrage. In fact, reading and writing have very little tendency to diminish the natural wish of men to have their own way. Before the outbreak of the civil war, the economic condition of the Free States was such as to require scarcely any interference from Government. By a natural consequence, political power, as it could do little good or harm, was carelessly entrusted to functionaries and assemblies of a contemptible character. The vulgarity and mediocrity of representatives, of Senators, of Governors and Presidents, had been gradually becoming more universal from the beginning of the century to the date of the Secession, and the meanness of the ostensible rulers has been, perhaps unjustly, regarded as a proof of the degeneracy of the nation. In the war the people have exhibited many great qualities, and especially they have surpassed all expectation by their resolute tenacity of purpose. Their love of justice and their attachment to freedom are open to dispute, and the dealings of their rulers or leaders with foreign nations indicate a debased public morality. Their faults, however, are certainly not to be explained by a want of education, although the highest form of culture is perhaps incompatible with their state of society. The great defect of American politics seems to consist in entire freedom from the restraints which are imposed by the feelings and habits of gentlemen. Well-taught workmen in other countries, if they attain political supremacy, are by no means more likely to cultivate high-bred courtesy and reserve.

Another illustration of the propensities of an intelligent democracy may be found in the last French elections. It is a popular belief throughout France that Paris is the heart and brain of the country, and it may be taken for granted that makers of the graceful knick-knacks which form the staple industry of the capital are shrewder and better educated than ordinary labourers, and even than average artisans. Yet, for several years after the establishment of the Empire, the Parisians acquiesced in the absolute form of government, which had indeed no visible opponents except the small minority which possessed political and literary cultivation. By degrees the middle classes have shown a disposition to rally round their natural leaders, and for the first time in fifteen or sixteen years a party has been formed for the purpose of recovering constitutional freedom. The agitation has found its way down to the haunts of universal suffrage, but its character has wholly changed in the transition. Ability, prudence, and moderation have been deliberately rejected in favour of two representatives of mere democracy and socialism. M. GARNIER-PAGÈS and M. CARNOT have been returned to the Legislative Body because they were members of the Provisional Government, and therefore symbols of the anarchy which has already frightened the nation into the tame acceptance of despotism. M. CARNOT, who was first known as the admiring biographer of the miscreant BARÈRE, rendered himself absurdly conspicuous among his colleagues in 1848 by a circular to schoolmasters in which he recommended that illiterate candidates should not be regarded as unfit members of the Constituent Assembly. The most contemptible, though by no means the most criminal, episode in the history of France is selected for imitation by the educated artisans of Paris, and presented to the country as the only alternative of the Imperial system. NAPOLEON III. could require no better illustration of his own sagacity in establishing universal suffrage. The multitude equally serves the cause of despotism when it crouches at the feet of a Prefect and when it strains on its chain with impotent fury, as if to remind peaceable bystanders that their safety is owing to the firmness of the keeper. For the EMPEROR's purpose, M. GARNIER-PAGÈS and M. CARNOT are worth many chamberlains and aides-de-camp in their places as members of the Legislative Body. France has begun to doubt the blessings of 1851, but it is positively determined not, in this generation, to recur to 1848. The control of the Government by the most numerous part of the population is compatible with vigour and even with equitable administration, but it is ruinous to freedom. The intelligent majority regards the higher intelligence of the minority with incurable jealousy and dislike. In America, the gentry, if there are gentry, are relegated to private life. In Europe, Emperors and Prefects undertake the popular duty of repressing intellectual and moral inequality. When Mr. ROEBUCK has educated the future constituencies up to the American level, he must be prepared to see the standard of political ability and refinement permanently lowered. Universal suffrage would never tolerate Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord DERBY; perhaps it would even ostracize Mr. ROEBUCK, if not Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT.

THE LISBURN ELECTION COMMITTEE.

THERE is always something provocative of laughter in the first efforts of a hoary old sinner to return to the path of virtue. All his displays of reformation fail to hide the fact that he is not at home in his new character, and he can never shake off the instinctive feeling that it is necessary for him to exaggerate his demonstrations of piety in order to avoid the suspicion that he is falling back into his former ways. And the very consciousness of a secret hankering after his old frailties lends a sort of convulsive energy to his exertions to prove that he is reformed. The House of Commons appears to be very much in this frame of mind in reference to electoral corruption. It is a very hardened and hoary sinner in this respect. For many a generation it has resisted all conversion. At last, late in its existence, a conviction of sin has come over it. It is not able, when temptation presents itself, to resist an occasional relapse into its ancient transgressions; but it knows its weak point, and tries to extricate itself from the chain of habit. It has rushed, for example, into a rigid unbending law for the regulation of Election Committees, as a drunkard rushes to take the pledge. That law is a kind of protest against its own frailties, an effort to circumvent its own depravity, a sober plot to delude its drunken self into a more reputable life. It went upon the principle that abstinence is easier than temperance. The Acts regulating Election Committees are framed with the most rigorous care to avoid, by the most minute regulation, the possibility or the mere suspicion of abuse. Legislation of a much milder type would have been sufficient for the purpose. It would have been as effectual, and far more convenient, if a larger discretion as to the time when Committees were to meet, and various other details of arrangement, had been left to the regulation of the House itself. But, in a moment of exquisite self-abasement and self-distrust, the House resolved that nothing should be left in its own power. All the abuses of an older day in the decision of election petitions had been caused by the unlimited power of the House, and therefore the power of the House must be pitilessly mutilated, as a penance and satisfaction for its earlier misuse. As CRANMER thrust his right hand into the fire, saying "This hand hath done it," so the repentant House of Commons, groaning under centuries of corruption, offered up the privileges which had been the instruments of sin. As it had been, in the days of its folly, reckless and wanton in the assertion of privilege, so now those very privileges should be subjected to the unsparing action of an Act of Parliament, and should be limited, and curtailed, and invaded.

But, like most exhibitions of enthusiastic feeling, this passing access of penitence has had its inconveniences. It is not possible for an Act of Parliament to foresee all cases, and minute matters of regulation had better be kept out of its grasp. The Act had never contemplated the possibility that more than one of the members of the Committee might be moribund, or at least might be incapacitated, at exactly the same time. It had provided for the separate incapacity of either. It had pointed out what was to be done if the House adjourned while the Committee was sitting, and it had also pointed out what was to be done if one of the members fell ill while the House was sitting. But its framers seem to have never contemplated the contingency that the House might go into recess and one of the members of the Committee be seized with a serious illness exactly at the same time. At last, of course, the precise combination of chances which the Act had not foreseen did come to pass. The Committee suddenly found itself without power to adjourn because of the Act of Parliament, without power to obtain relief from its incapacity because the House was not sitting, and unable, without breaking the Act, to defer its further action until after the House had reassembled. The results, of course, were exceedingly embarrassing. The Committee had to choose between two dangers. Either they were defunct, or they were in full activity; and in either contingency there would be peril in acting on the opposite assumption. If they left off when they ought to have gone on, they would be liable to all the penalties which the Act levels at members of Election Committees who fail to discharge their duties. If, on the other hand, they went on when they ought to have left off, they were liable to all the unknown dangers of proceeding without authority in a matter closely affecting the rights and the reputations of their fellow-subjects. And the worst of the dilemma was, that there was no way out of it. The Committee brought the matter before the House of Commons, but they

might as well have brought it before the St. Pancras Vestry, or the Ecclesiastical Commission; for the House of Commons has no semblance of a jurisdiction over matters which depend on the construction of an Act of Parliament. The House politely but firmly declined to have anything to do with the difficulty; and the Committee were left to escape from it by their own unaided ingenuity. They have come to the resolution to do nothing more; and the lucky sitting member is left in possession of his seat. They never can know for certain whether they are right or wrong until the matter is decided in a court of law; and it is therefore sincerely to be hoped, for their sakes, that they may remain in uncertainty all their lives.

The display of legal ingenuity in the discussion upon Tuesday night was very striking; but it would be more satisfactory to have a tribunal which did not require to be watched with so minute and so embarrassing a vigilance. No doubt the House of Commons knows itself. We do not presume to question its decision when it lays down that no tribunal composed out of its own body could be trusted to deal with such a subject without these preternaturally elaborate precautions. The evidence of its own consciousness is not to be called in question. The members who compose it well know of what stuff they are made, and what are the temptations to which they are most liable to succumb. If they tell us that they cannot administer pure justice without being thus watched and fettered, and that if a single loophole of corruption is left open to them they are certain to avail themselves of it, it would be the height of imprudence on the part of the rest of the community to disbelieve them. After such a confession, no one can ask Parliament to relax the rigour of these Acts. It would be like turning a gentleman who had confessed to a homicidal mania into a cutler's shop. But it is surely worth consideration whether there is any advantage in putting this heavy strain upon human virtue. Tribunals might surely be found which would not need this sort of protection. It would be possible to discover judges who would administer justice without bias and without suspicion, and who yet might be trusted to settle their own days and hours of sitting without restraint. Nor is there any reason to believe that the interests of justice would suffer in any way by the transference of electoral causes from the partisan tribunals that can be furnished by the House of Commons to a more independent jurisdiction. The present judges, in spite of the jealous safeguards by which their virtue is surrounded, are not wholly above suspicion. There is too often an awkward parallelism between the political opinions of the majority of the Committee and the political opinions of the litigant who wins his cause. Of course such events are purely accidental; but they recur with a perverse frequency which would bring the Goddess of Justice herself into evil odour. It would not be difficult to find men outside the House of Commons wholly indifferent to political questions, and unswayed by party hate or favour. It is difficult to understand why the House of Commons persists in retaining, within its own walls a jurisdiction which it never will persuade the public that it can exercise purely, inasmuch as those to whom it delegates it can never be perfectly disinterested judges. The only answer to such a question is that such a change would be "unconstitutional." Before this word of power all objections fade away. It has a spell in it which no arguments can resist. And, as the results of election petitions mainly concern its own members, the House of Commons will probably be left for sometime in undisturbed enjoyment of the luxury of privileged injustice. If it were any other class of Her MAJESTY'S subjects who were forced to submit to have their rights disposed of by a tribunal which had a direct interest in the success of one side or the other, it is possible that the system would have come to an inglorious end some time ago.

SCEPTICAL HUMILITY.

WE have always made it a matter of principle to abstain from taking part in the theological warfare which is exciting so much interest at present. If handled at all, such matters ought to be handled thoroughly. Here and there, however, an incident occurs in the course of the warfare which is too characteristic to be passed over by observers who, though silent, are by no means uninterested. The tone in which the combatants address each other often requires and repays notice at least as much as the arguments which they use. It is for this reason that we propose to consider shortly some remarks made by the *Times* on the circular which the Archbishop of Canterbury or his friends thought it right to call a pastoral. As a general rule, our contemporary abstains from religious controversy, but from time to time it

gives utterance to most remarkable sentiments on such subjects. They are always of precisely the same character—respectable to the last possible degree, unimpeachably serious, and combining a regard for the interests of orthodoxy with a mild superiority to anything like superstition or prejudice in a manner which no other journal can possibly hope to emulate. We learn, for instance, that the writers of the *Essays and Reviews*, Dr. Colenso, and others of the same character, are altogether in the wrong, that their speculations will soon pass away and be forgotten, and that it is foolish to attribute the least importance to them; but, after this thesis has been amplified with becoming seriousness into about a column, a quiet observation is inserted at the end of the article to the effect that it might perhaps be as well if the clergy would show rather more confidence in their excellent cause, and refute these heresies instead of being content to denounce them. On another occasion we learn that the conduct of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Williams has been most improper. They have “escaped by the skin of their teeth”; the world, especially the clerical world, appreciates their wickedness, and feels for the judges who disapproved of their speculations, though they were prevented, from condemning them; but the article—which, like March, came in like a lion—goes out like a lamb. “The fact remains” that the gentlemen in question have tried the right to criticize the Bible and have established it. These ambidextrous compositions have an admirable gravity which is peculiarly their own, and which no meaner hand could hope to emulate; but from time to time they also contain something which it is perhaps not altogether misplaced irreverence to attempt to criticize.

The article referred to above on the Archbishop of Canterbury's pastoral afforded a good illustration of the class to which it belongs. The body of the article consisted of a prolonged criticism on the Archbishop's logic, which was somewhat mercifully snubbed, not without that degree of affable condescension which a courteous and kindhearted superior might naturally be expected to extend to a person to whom, in the general providential scheme of things, an inferior position had been assigned. After pointing out the various excuses which might fairly be urged on behalf of those exceptional clergymen who think it desirable to know a little about Biblical criticism, and expatiating on the difficulties to which such audacious pretensions might expose them, the writer concluded by informing the clergy of their true policy, and pointing out to them the way in which they might “take the best revenge on the supposed enemies of their faith.” The advice is, to avoid controversy and to try to proselytize ignorant people:—

If there are any in this country who seriously wish to pull down the Word of God from its place of authority, the best way to defeat their wishes is to instal it and its doctrines in every cottage, every dwelling in this country. The first receivers of that Word had but vague and imperfect ideas upon the questions which have since distracted Christendom, yet they were as good Christians in all essential respects as any of us can pretend to be. The Church can never be far wrong when it returns as much as possible to its humble origin, and seeks to extend itself as it was founded. There are millions among us who have yet to learn the great facts of the gospel, to accept its work and its example, and to acknowledge its obligations. They have a great deal to do before it will be necessary to give them accurate ideas upon Inspiration, the Sacred Canon, and the relation of Eternity to Time.

What can sound more beautifully orthodox, more humble-minded, more practical? Leave these refined and fruitless speculations; stick to the great truths, the broad common ground. Never mind the men of learning and refinement; preach to every cottage, every British hearth and home. Such is the advice of the writer, and, what is more remarkable, such is his sincere advice. He obviously believes it. It is perfectly clear that he really supposes, or supposed when he wrote the article, that what he advised was not merely possible, but was even the right thing to do. It is, indeed, the sort of remark which thousands of respectable well-established people would either make themselves or applaud in others. Let us consider what it really means.

Every one who knows anything about teaching ought to know that, before it is possible to teach a thing to a child or a very ignorant person, it is necessary to know it thoroughly well yourself. The reason why it is possible to teach children in a national school the great outlines of astronomy, or to give a familiar explanation of a steam-engine or a common pump, is that the principles of the sciences of astronomy and mathematics are perfectly well understood and thoroughly familiar, if not to the teacher himself, at least to those from whom the teacher gets his knowledge. When the Ptolemaic system, or the system of Tycho Brahe, with their cycles and epicycles, were the received systems of astronomy, it would have been impossible to teach astronomy to little children, because the fundamental principles of the science were so imperfectly understood that no clear and coherent interpretation of familiar facts could be put forward. Any moderately intelligent father in the present day can explain with perfect ease to any moderately intelligent child why it is that, if you tie a string round your finger, the end of the finger swells up, and not the part below the string. No one could explain this in a familiar way till the fact that the blood goes from the heart by the arteries and returns to it by the veins was scientifically established. Now that Sanscrit is understood, it is easy to explain to anybody the resemblances between a number of words in Greek, Latin, and German. When Sanscrit was an unknown tongue this was a mere puzzle. By the help of a common terrestrial globe, a child in the present day may rapidly get a notion of the general configuration of the earth. Probably

no ancient Roman had anything beyond the vaguest and most bewildered conceptions as to the relative size and position of any countries at all. In a word, the existence of a clear, definite, precise science somewhere or other is the indispensable condition without which satisfactory elementary teaching cannot exist upon any subject.

The application of this to theology is obvious. The learners may not require “accurate ideas upon inspiration,” but the teachers most unquestionably do. It is idle to talk of carrying the great facts of the Gospel and its work and example into every cottage in the country, if in the same breath it is conceded that those great facts, that work and example, are called in question, and that the teachers are not clear about them. It may be more important to teach cottagers than to teach clergymen; but unless the clergy are firmly persuaded in their own minds, and know thoroughly well what they have to teach, they will not be able to teach at all. To try to get rid of religious scepticism by teaching in Sunday Schools is like trying to get rid of doubts about political economy by teaching Mrs. Marcet's questions on the subject to a set of children. So far from evading the difficulty, you only bring its existence, in so far as it has a real existence, more vividly before your eyes. A man troubled by Dr. Colenso begins to read the Old Testament to a class of children. They must be very stupid, or he must be very uninteresting, if the phenomenon of the intelligent Zulu does not repeat itself. “Father, is Samson true?” was the question of a child of about five years old who, having heard tales of giants and fairies, wanted to know whether or not Samson belonged to the same category. A person who is not prepared to say at once to such a question either “Yes,” or “No,” or “I cannot say,” has no business to try to teach children; yet, before he can say either of these things, he must have made up his mind on the controversies of the day.

The truth upon this matter is as simple as it is to many people unpleasant. The only way in which clergymen or any other men in the position of teachers can discharge their duties with satisfaction to themselves is by making up their minds on the merits of the questions at issue. The broad question is, Is the Bible a collection of human books of various degrees of merit, or is it a divine revelation complete in itself? or is there any (and what) intermediate position which can be reasonably and consistently maintained? On the question itself we say nothing at all, but this we do say—it is a question which cannot be shirked. Every man who has to teach his neighbours or children must make up his mind upon it and act accordingly. To take what the *Times* describes as the humble line of teaching religion to common people and children, without prejudice to the question what it is that you are teaching, is to act in an unworthy and cowardly manner. It is mere nonsense and an abuse of terms to talk of the “humble origin” of the Christian Church. It was humble enough in one sense—that is, it began amongst people of low degree; but it succeeded because those who first taught Christianity believed with the most intense earnestness that its founder was God Incarnate, who had come upon earth for the express purpose of teaching a certain set of truths. This cannot be called a humble origin. It was the highest origin that could possibly be conceived, and those who taught Christianity viewed the doctrines which they taught as the most sublime truths that could be offered to the souls of men. They would have despised the suggestion that they should leave open the question whether their religion was true, and contend merely that it was a good sort of thing for poor people to believe in. There is only one course which the clergy can take with credit and consistency, and that is the course of saying that Christianity is true, and that they or some of them can prove it to be true, and can answer the objections brought against it. No doubt this involves the admission that it is conceivable that Christianity may not be true, in which case it must be given up; but that admission can be avoided only by withdrawing the whole subject from discussion, and by thus depriving religion at once of all influence over men of educated and powerful minds, and gradually over the human race. It is of the highest importance that the world in general, and the clergy in particular, should understand that a proposition of whatever kind becomes utterly worthless as soon as it is placed beyond the reach of argument or possible contradiction. The only propositions which cannot be contradicted are those which relate to matters about which we can have no knowledge. If I say, “Perhaps a child will be born to-morrow with eyes in the back of his head,” no one can contradict me, but the proposition is totally worthless. If I say, “Such a child was born last week at such a place,” the proposition is curious and may be highly important, but it derives its curiosity and importance from the fact that its truth can be tested. So, if I say, “I do not affirm the truth of the Christian religion, but I will teach a number of poor people to go through certain Christian ceremonies,” my position is unassailable, but it is also unmeaning. If, on the other hand, I say, “I teach this religion because it is true,” I take a great responsibility, no doubt, and am open to contradiction, but if I can establish my point I can move the world and change the face of society. With a definite creed, founded on a rational conviction, everything is possible. Without it, men may say what they like about being humble and practical, but in fact they will never get beyond beating the air.

PRESENTS.

THERE are times, and habits belonging to them, about which we are all hypocrites. We praise them and affect to long for their return, and yet we do not really want them back, but prefer things as they are. We own to a sentimental yearning of this sort after the good old primitive times when gifts were in fashion—when men were not above receiving presents, and when the art of making them was one of the tests of a wise man. What splendid gifts we read of in ancient histories, profane and sacred! how grand the interchange of these amenities between Solomon and his royal guest! To be sure, potentates still retain the privilege of giving, if in these days it remains possible to regard the thing in this light; but with the world at large, in all centres of civilization, the practice has been gradually dying out these three thousand years. No longer ago than last century our grandfathers had snuff-boxes and repeaters given them for no other reason than that their friends liked to give and they to receive; and even we—such of us as have what may be called a past—can recall “those conciliatory missives which for their vehicle generally choose a hamper,” which used to drop in upon us so pleasantly. But with the cold privilege of buying our game has died out the last trace of the old genial spirit, and now no gifts are left for men to give to men but mutual presentation copies of their works, or their own portraits at full length—or, as something very fine indeed, a great useless piece of plate, which entails a speech, and leaves the receiver with a painful sense of “indebtedness” for years after.

Two opposite reasons occur to us as perhaps having equally tended to this change. The first assumes the love of gifts to be ineradicable, but incompatible with that growing passion for justice which accompanies progress. It may be true that “a gift hath grace in the sight of every man,” but experience teaches him to beware. He has learnt that human probity is too weak a principle to withstand the temptation of a seasonable offering. If he would be just, he must either receive no gifts or they must be exorcised of their charm, be deprived of their subtle grace of adaptation, and become inflections. The other is founded on our modern fastidiousness—that demand for finish and completeness in all our appointments which shall leave no gap that a friendly eye may detect or a friendly hand fill. It must be something very costly indeed that shall presume to ask a place in so well harmonized a *tout-ensemble*. Unless our taste is of the most finished and educated character, we risk the wise man's censure for having made that fool's gift which does no good. We suppose, when gifts were common things, they were useful things, and ventured to supply an obvious want. Now we are bound to believe our friend amply provided at all points; to give him anything broadly useful is to insult him, to suspect the reality of that equality which every one affects with his richest neighbour. There is still one occasion, and but one, when it is lawful to assume that our friend has not everything he wants—that is, when he is going to be married; and certainly the relish with which gifts are received on these occasions, and the accurate account kept of defaulters, goes some way to prove that a gift needs only to be of the right sort to be as acceptable now as it was in the days of Solomon and the son of Sirach. If it were not for this, and for certain recollections of childhood, some of us might run the risk of losing a sensation altogether—or rather, two sensations—the delight of buying a gift (we speak of the days of our innocence) and that of receiving one; not of buying under the niggardly suggestions of shopkeepers selling off their unsaleable stock, who propose this to their female customers as an eligible occasion for purchasing presents for their friends, but in a temper of reckless profusion, having no other idea but of spending every farthing that we have, whether in possession or in prospect. This generosity is no great merit in childhood, though a pretty trait to remember in ourselves; for, after all, the sense of possession is so sweet, and yet so short-lived, at that age, that it finds ample indulgence in the mere act of purchase and temporary holding in charge—that act of holding in the hand, and being able to say *mine*, for ever so short a space, by which alone the sense of possession can be tasted in its full perfection. What, in fact, is a landed estate to a man of middle age, or a few thousands in the three per cents., or even a balance at his banker's, haunted as all are by liabilities, compared with the actual sensible touch and clasp by two infant hands of a thing just chosen and paid for with one's own pocket-money? Then was the time, too, when gifts were received in a right spirit. Now, if anybody gives us something, we don't know how to take it; but then it was all effusion, then imagination saw a new possession in its extremest capability, and we could be glad and grateful. Surely we have lost our youth when we no longer care to give or to receive presents.

We have said that gifts among equals, from men to men, are among the obsolete things; but of course a man with a turn for giving need never be without an object. The boy going to school is not yet too proud to receive that most merely useful of all gifts, a coin of the realm; and long may he remain thus unsophisticated! Ladies, too, know how to accept and to do honour to a well-chosen judicious offering; but most men have so much to do with their money, either for their own concerns or to satisfy the demands of an exorbitant fraternity of well-doers who crave money for their schemes of benevolence, that this impulse, unless very strong, is smothered in them. It is with women that the indulgence and the art of making presents

now mainly rests. Woman, with whom all natural impulses linger so much longer than with men, who still yields to the weaknesses we have outgrown, who still likes to go fine, to dance, to embrace, to weep—woman dearly loves the business of giving and receiving gifts. It is a natural consequence with her of regard, affection, gratitude, to give the object of it all some sensible token. Hence the much-saturated sermon-cases and slippers. If she has not much to give, she is not ashamed to give little. No doubt her habit of dealing with small sums makes her stand less on her dignity in this particular; and, moreover, she has her hands—as in the case of the slippers—instruments of small avail in the gifts of men, who must transact all such affairs in hard cash. The love of spending money is at once a more universal and a more manageable passion with women than with men. A woman can be always spending money, and not, in the end, have spent a great deal—a problem as yet unsolved by man; and all makers of presents have a love of spending money for its own sake. People may give away immense sums from duty, but those who are often making presents like the process of getting them; and a very amiable propensity it is, diffusing, under the guidance of good taste, an immense amount of cheerfulness and goodwill in juvenile, artless, or, it may be, needy circles. A woman has much more confidence in the effect and the right reception of a present than men have. If Perdita had been Florio, she would have culled something for him out of Antolius's pack. It was a man's blunder, and she doubtless knew it for such, when he replied to the old man's reproach for not having ransacked the pedlar's silken treasury:—

Old Sir, I know
She prizes no such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already.

A gift to a girl is really what is called “a token;” and something to look at, to hold, and especially to wear, helps her to realize a friendship or a love. Above all is she open to the charm, to which Charles Lamb was himself impervious, of “rings, lockets, keepsakes”—the whole tribe of “indigestible trifles”—against which he sets the more sensible remembrancers of grouse, or woodcock, or a plump turkey. That the feminine imagination runs over in this direction we gather, not only from the practice of our fair neighbours, but from flights of pure invention. There are some novels which owe their principal excitements to the arrival of boxes of presents. A seasonable or tasteful gift to every member of a large party is minutely described; and really, if the thing is done with spirit, we know worse *dénouements* than the crowning glory of a large parcel, through the unpacking of which our curiosity has been held on the stretch. Severer works from the female pen go out in the same direction, though the gifts involve a less pleasurable self-sacrifice. The heroine gives away her possessions to worthless relations, or to some cause she has at heart, with as little hesitation as another dispenses her Parisian bonnets or diamond bracelets. In fact, all the world has long conspired to persuade women that giving is the height of their heroism and virtue, and, in fancy at least, they accept their vocation. But just as

Who does a kindness is not therefore kind,

so the giver of gifts is not therefore generous. In fact, a mean temper may be quite as clearly shown in the nature of the gift as in the withholding it altogether. A gift runs a chance of being a great nuisance if it is given because the donor has no use for it. Of course many things have an intrinsic value independent of their use to the owner—these are not the “gift horses” we mean; but when anything is not good enough for the present possessor, it is ten to one if it prove of much service to his friend. It is a grievance to have to say “Thank you” for what you do not want, and for what you know it has cost the donor no sacrifice to part with. There should be a little self-sacrifice in all giving—that is, what would be such but for a stronger sentiment that makes it pleasant. Effusion is of the essence of gifts. If a man ever feels relieved of some weight after making a present, ten to one he has saddled somebody else with his burden. It is curious how the grudging disposition shows itself in wills. Men who have cared a great deal for their money leave it to their next of kin, as being the most like keeping hold of it; but their picture or other useless relic they bequeath to their friend, and expect it to have an honourable place. Sometimes this propensity for making gifts at the cheapest rate goes so far that a man shall secure all his actual property to his heirs, and then dispose in legacies to his friends of an imaginary surplus. This is the extremest evidence of a liberal fancy acting in concert with a grasping nature, but, in a lesser degree, the union is not an uncommon one.

Though self-sacrifice is of the essence of a gift, it should be on the minutest scale. Large gifts demand large returns, or they become oppressive and intolerable. It is pleasant to come within the sphere of nature's givers—those whose gifts are acceptable from their fitness, who know how to smooth the daily life of their friends by little helps and facilities and surprises that may have cost only time and thought, but yet have a positive value (apart from sentiment) from their fitting into a need. All the money in the world will not teach some people to make presents, if they have not sympathy and habits of observation; while others—and these are generally women—have an intuition of the thing wanted. A dozen friends they will keep supplied with

minor comforts which are valuable or worthless simply as they are well or ill timed.

No person has a right to give presents who retains too lively an impression of his own munificence. Whatever the receiver feels, the donor must not remember it as an obligation. The pleasure should be so far mutual as to obscure all sense of effort. In connexion with this, we own to some jealousy at any increase among ourselves of occasions when giving is compulsory. The German Christmas-tree is almost naturalized by this time, but we are not sure that we like the innovation. At any rate long may we resist such an encroachment on our liberty and purse as the tax of the Parisian *Nouvel An*. Better never give a pretty thing all our lives than grudge and groan and grumble over the exactions of custom, as the press gives us to understand our neighbours do. Frenchmen have by nature the art of giving trifles with a better grace than we can boast; and a *cadeau* is more supremely delightful to a Frenchwoman—or the delight is more rapturously affected—than our countrywomen can feel or feign. So the thing has come about, greatly aggravated, no doubt, by that talent for constructing absolutely useless articles—things to which the wildest fancy cannot assign a rational purpose—with which the Parisian artisan is gifted. If these things were not given away they could not find purchasers, and yet they are so graceful in their worthlessness that there is a certain pleasure in buying if the responsibility of finding a use and a place is thrown on other shoulders. Fortunately for ourselves, our manufactures of presents as such are commonly so hideous in their inutility that they offer no temptation to any taste not in the lowest stage of barbarism. There are persons to whom a gift is a sacred thing. Whatever its intrinsic merits, it is invested with a preciousness, surrounded with a halo, the moment that it represents a friend. This accounts for the monstrosities that sometimes deform houses which are simple, if not tasteless, in their arrangements. Of course, where active good taste presides, these amiable delusions cannot gain, or at any rate hold, a footing. But we have known a gaudy piece of trumpery keep its place through a dozen changes of furniture or decoration where this pious reverence for questionable benefactors grows unchecked by counter-influences.

With all respect for our especially national occasions for presents—birthdays, weddings, christenings—which we trust may always find a cheerful and liberal observance, the ideal gift has one important quality in a degree these cannot have, and this is surprise. The typical gift drops as it were from the skies, at the very nick and moment of time when it is most acceptable. Sympathy, good nature, luck, must combine to bring about this happy crisis, towards which the best filled purse, though an invaluable ally, can do nothing singly. Who can hope ever to fill a need so fortunately as does the hero of M. Victor Hugo's last work, when he thrusts into the arms of the cowering, oppressed, forsaken little Cosette her craving heart's great want, in the shape of that huge and gorgeous doll which just before she had regarded at worshipping distance as some bright particular star, so changing her pandemonium into a paradise? That story ought to bear fruit in a timely shower of gifts where they are most wanted—gifts of the sort that live in the memory, it is to be hoped, of most of us as substantial services, and for which we yet thank the donor with something of the first glow inspired by the mixed confused joy of gratitude and possession.

SHAPES AND SIZES.

THE absolute subjection of humanity to material influences is one of the saddest aspects of its abased condition. It is painful to think what low physical auxiliaries are necessary to the manifestations of the ideal. In theory, the poet is inspired by a Muse, and waits for a Divine afflatus; in practice, he lights a weed, and indulges in an afflatus of a very different kind before he sits down to work. A great orator may seem, to an imaginative reader who studies his efforts at a distance, to have borrowed his fire from heaven; but, to those who hear him, the frequent appearance of a silver flask reveals that the world of spirits from which he seeks his inspiration is a world not unknown to meaner intelligences. In the same way, idealizing lovers will sometimes be painfully reminded, by the earliest rays of dawn at the close of a brilliant ball, how much the worship of the beautiful depends upon wax-candles and clean tarlatan. But one of the most humiliating reminders of the partnership of soul and matter is the effect which the shape of the buildings in which we live has upon our thoughts, words, and deeds. There are few departments of human energy in which more care has been bestowed to ensure that action shall be guided by the highest intelligence than that of politics. But no one can look back at the political history of the last ten years without feeling that the spirit of the House of Commons, and consequently the destiny of the Empire, has been mainly determined by the shape of the chamber in which that assembly sits. The tendency of all the best thought in England has been, for many years, towards a central position in the political controversies of the day. Extreme change, indiscriminate resistance, relentless theorizing, or inexorable tenacity of what exists, have long been equally distasteful to the most influential minds that give their attention to politics, and to the mass of the influential classes who take little interest in political disputes. The House of Commons in general tends to be an accurate reflex of educated opinion. If it had followed its natural instincts, its various sections would have arranged

themselves in accordance with the true bent of public opinion, and a strong central Ministry would have been enabled to defy the attacks of the extremes on either side. But the traditional shape of the room in which it sits has been an insuperable difficulty in its way. Modern opinion tends to the form of a united centre of moderate men, flanked on either side by only a few outsiders between whom a strong ineffaceable distinction of opinion exists. But the shape of the House of Commons admits of no centre, and recognises only two sides. In vain has political thought struggled to overleap this material barrier. Repeated efforts have been made to organize a central party and to construct a central Administration. But it is of no use. Members must take a side, because otherwise they would have to sit upon the floor. And so they must sit on one side or the other, and in doing so expose themselves to all the influences which are brought to bear by constant and exclusive intercourse. Many a man has come into Parliament loudly declaring that he is independent, and means to give his unreserved adhesion to no particular party. But he must sit with a particular party; and before many Sessions are over, incessant neighbourhood overcomes the coyness of independence, and sitting with a particular party ends in voting with a particular party too.

However, it is naturally in social matters that you can best trace what the shapes and sizes of rooms can do. Take a dining-room, for instance, and reflect what its shape can effect to foster or to blight the growth of that tender plant, English good-fellowship. There are two types of entertainers—those who give dinners, and those who give dinner-parties; and there are two types of dining-rooms, or rather of dinner-tables, to match. There is one which is the commonest type—that which prevails in schools, prisons, hotels, and the houses of the people who give formal dinners. The dining-room is long and narrow; and the dinner-table, in angular sympathy, is rectilinear and narrow too. There are few destinies more horrible to contemplate than that of a diner-out who has often to take his seat in those two parallel rows of seats, separated by a central row of gilt tankards, which constitutes in the eyes of so many Englishmen the ideal of a social evening. Of course it is just possible that you may sit between two pleasant people; but as the large majority of people are tiresome, the chances are heavily against you. And there is no escape for you. At a parallel table you are united to your two dinner-partners by an indissoluble tie. If they are dull, you must be dull too; if they are gossiping, or scandalous, or courtly, you must display the same amiable qualities also. If you find that your next neighbour can talk of nothing but Royal babies, or the probable marriages of her next-door acquaintances, you must be content to follow suit. If she is housewifely, and eloquent on weekly bills or teething mixtures, there is nothing left for you but to accompany her without a murmur into the nursery and the beer-cellar. If she is sentimental, and describes to you her inner life, you have no choice but to pull out and exhibit your inner life too—supposing you to have one. It is a union, for two or perhaps three hours, from which there is no divorce—and, what is more, in which infidelities, however tempting, are impossible. The parallel lines in the midst of which you are imprisoned bring you up sharp if you make any effort to escape. You cannot talk to your next neighbour but one without either condemning your tiresome partner to total abstinence, or bringing your face into a perilous proximity to the operations of her knife and fork. You cannot console yourself by shouting to your opposite neighbour without either dodging a candlestick or projecting your voice at an angle, like a bomb-shell, over the top of an intervening *épergne*. The risk which you run under the parallel system is productive of a terrible anxiety at the critical moment when you choose your place. At a round table, you do not peril very much wherever you may sit down. You have the choice of four or even six people, any one of whom you may talk to or bring into the conversation without much inconvenience, and if one among that number is not endurable, the luck is against you. But at the parallel table, you stake the happiness of at least two hours, or rather you risk the chance of being compelled to remain for that space of time in the worst of all pillories—the pillory that encloses you between two bores—upon the skill and the presence of mind of one hurried and feverish moment. For the few who are themselves bore-proof, there is no pleasanter amusement than to watch their fellow guests as they file into the dining-room, and fix their fate for the evening. The desperate efforts to avoid the bore of the party, the fierce struggle across the room, the ferocious disregard of a partner's murmured entreaty that she may be allowed to avoid the fire, the momentary scuffle, and the look of blank despair with which the defeated competitor subsides into a chair by the side of his allotted bore—all this is about the most amusing part of an average dinner.

In other departments of that which in the metropolis is called gaiety, it is the size more than the shape of the room that is in fault. An evening party, for instance, generally represents an effort on the part of the host to induce the floors of his drawing-rooms to contain exactly twice the number of persons which, on the smallest estimate of the human diameter, their area can mathematically include. A London "at home" is principally remarkable for bringing with impunity within four walls a crowd that would be indictable if it were crammed into the space of a common lodging-house. A host looks upon his rooms as a good valet looks upon his master's carpet-bag—he never knows how much they will contain until he has tried. Of course, the effects of this system are seriously aggravated by the existing style of female

fashion. Many complaints are made against London society at the present day. It is accused of being stiff. But stiffness is the result of compression. A bit of iron that has passed through a rolling-mill is stiff. A guest who has borne upon his ribs the accumulated pressure caused by the agonizing struggles of five hundred fellow-sufferers is also stiff. He would be more or less than human—he would rather bear an analogy to a jelly-fish—if he was anything else. Again, it is said that London society is not easy or graceful. But how can a man move gracefully or easily when he has to displace several hundredweight of petticoats at every step? Walking through a thick bramble covert is a trifle compared to the labour of walking through a London “at home.” It falls hardest upon those who happen to be considerably below the average standard of stature; and several of our prominent men are very small indeed. Perhaps you may see one of these in the distance, and a kind of ocular telegram passes between you expressive of a desire for conversation. Suddenly your brief friend disappears. He seems to sink beneath the wave, and you see him no more. Perhaps for the moment your attention is distracted by some one else, when suddenly, as you are talking, you notice a disturbance and an upheaving in the sea of muslin before you. It jumps and pushes, and shakes to and fro, like the dry fern when you have kicked up a rabbit. Evidently there is something living beneath it, of whose subterranean or subatlantic struggles you are witnessing the external record. At last the disturbance reaches close to your side—a head emerges from beneath the textile foam—and you rapturously greet the reappearance of your political friend. If his manners are rather stiff, and his air a little *distrainé*, can you wonder at it? It would be too much to expect that a man should be perfectly at his ease in the intervals of continual submersion. Of course, it is only the very short men who suffer to this extent. But the physical affliction is very sensible in any case; and it is impossible that the graces of a man's mind should develop themselves while any part of him, though it be only his legs, is ill at ease.

EXCUSES.

THE greatest achievement of oratory is doubtless the being able to say something when you have nothing to say. The mere power of putting words together in such a case is not to be despised; it is something to be able to preach a sermon or to make a speech at a public dinner. But there are some people who can do more than this. Though they have really nothing to say, and though there is really nothing to be said, yet they contrive to say something, and that something more than a mere stringing together of words—something which, if not wisdom, is decidedly not folly, something which is in some way appropriate to the occasion or lack of occasion. Such men are perhaps not profoundly versed in any subject, but they can on any subject say something which is not absolute nonsense. Such men are the exact opposites of another class—those who can speak well on their own subjects, but who are dumb on all others. This gift of being able to say something at any time and about anything, is perhaps not a gift of the highest kind, but it is a gift of a very useful kind. It is a gift of special advantage to persons of exalted rank. We should think it must be useful to Kings; it is certainly useful to their Ministers. It is the special virtue of scientific and philanthropic noblemen who go about taking the chair at all manner of dinners, meetings, and lectures. The philosopher who talks glibly for an hour or two on his own science could not, to save his neck, put together the few words, meaning nothing but still quite to the purpose, which his Lordship in the chair utters, with all the ease in the world, before the lecture begins and after it is ended.

Now this gift of saying something when there is nothing to say is especially useful when a man has to stand on the defensive. Whether in public or in private, if you or your friend or your party is charged with anything, you must say something. It does not do to hold your peace. If you have nothing else to say, you had better confess at once. It is like the ancient jurisprudence, which, if you pleaded guilty, simply hanged you, but, if you did not plead at all, tortured you to death with the *peine forte et dure*. In the most private conversation, you must make some sort of excuse for yourself or your friend, but it is wonderful what utterly transparent sophisms are both offered and accepted as excuses. It seems as if the accuser was at once disarmed by the saying of anything that is not a manifest denial or defiance. Nothing is more common, and seemingly nothing is more acceptable, than an excuse which really amounts to a confession of the charge. Such an excuse, by a sort of tacit understanding, is held to satisfy the honour of both parties. The answer is thrown into the form of a vindication, but it really amounts to the charge itself put into other words. The accused escapes under cover of something which takes at least the form of an explanation. The accuser is satisfied because he has drawn forth what is in substance a confession, and, unless he is very savagely disposed, he does not follow up his victory any further.

It is curious to see how this way of really confessing when you are supposed to be defending runs through all manner of cases, great and small. You reprove a child for some omission of duty, and the answer you get is, “I forgot.” Now such an answer is really a confession; in nine cases out of ten, forgetfulness is the very thing for which the child is rebuked; he is not supposed to have wilfully and deliberately resolved not to do the

thing that he was ordered, but only to have failed to give that measure of attention to his orders which would have ensured his punctually remembering them. Forgetfulness then is the real charge; to answer “I forgot” is really a confession. Yet it is meant as an excuse; and, unless it is offered so often as to prove a manifestly vicious habit, it will commonly be taken, not indeed as a real defence, but as better than nothing, as something which would be ill exchanged for falsehood or stubborn defiance. Still, as an excuse, it is in itself absurd, and, if it becomes an habitual excuse, it will certainly cease to be accepted. But this sort of answer is by no means confined to children; everybody does it more or less. The commonest of all answers either to a charge or to a question is the charge or the question put into another shape. James the Second thought that he disposed of all arguments against what he said by saying it over again in the same words. A large class of people think that they dispose of any question or any accusation by themselves saying it again in different words. You assert something or you ask something; all you get is your own saying in new clothes, and with that you are expected to be satisfied, and in many cases you are satisfied. You state a fact, and ask for the reason; instead of a reason, you get the fact itself stated in a different way. The broadest shape of this formula is confessedly lacking at once in argument and in courtesy. “Why is so and so?” “Because it is.” “Why do you do so and so?” “Because I do.” The answers here would be given only by the stupidest and rudest of men; but exactly the same answers, dressed up with a little more elegance, sweetened with a little attendant courtesy, are given daily and hourly both in public and private life. Many people cannot get beyond, “I do it because I do it.” They have no reason to give for anything; it does not come into their heads that they should have a reason for anything; “I do it because I do it” veiled of course in prettier language, would with many persons be no conscious sophism or evasion at all, but would be the nearest approach to an argument or a defence that they know how to make. This style of arguing is known as a “lady's reason,” but it is by no means ladies only who use it. Weak men use it because they have none other to use; cunning men use it because it is a convenient way of throwing dust in people's eyes when it does not suit them to give any answer at all. Great officials use it out of policy, and small officials use it out of stupidity. Everybody knows the story of the member of Parliament who asked what was the use of Archdeacons, and was told by the Minister, prompted thereto by a Bishop, that they discharged archidiaconal functions. The Bishop and Minister knew that only an exceptionally bold man would go on to ask what archidiaconal functions were. But if you write to complain of anything going wrong in the Post-office, the answer, or defence, or explanation which you get is most commonly your own statement translated from your own natural English into the official high-polite. This is not done with any fixed intention of bamboozling you; it is simply that the clerk has to say something when he has nothing to say. Mere business men of all kinds do the same. A gentleman buys an estate; on looking through his rent-roll, he finds that a certain tenant has been, for a year or two past, excused a certain portion of his rent. He asks the agent the cause of this favour shown to him. Was the rent supposed to be permanently too high, or was there any temporary cause for an allowance in those particular years? An answer comes back, very polite and using a great many long words, but which, when translated into English, simply says that in such and such years A.B. had been excused such a portion of his rent. The agent or his clerk had forgotten the reason, or did not know how to give reasons, but he was obliged to say something, so he gave his correspondent his own fact back again by way of a reason for itself. Now in all these cases the answer given is really no answer; as far as any argument or information goes, the answerer might just as well hold his tongue. And yet everybody feels that he has done much better by answering, even in this meaningless way, than by not answering at all. He has spoken, if not wisely, at least civilly. If the thing is done cleverly, he may have sent his questioner away discomfited; if not, the questioner is satisfied with having got some answer. Any answer not altogether contemptuous or defiant does in some sort acknowledge his right to put the question, and, if the answer he gets is really no answer, he goes away triumphing at having reduced the other man to a strait in which he had nothing better to say.

Thus far we have been treating of what we may call the no-answer, which may often be ingenious and highly successful. Something very inferior to it is the weak answer, the mere fallacy. The no-answer is not exactly a fallacy, because a fallacy is something, while the no-answer is really nothing. The weak answer, the fallacy, may be just as successful as the no-answer, provided no reply is made to it, but then it is much more likely to have a reply made to it. The weak answer is far more provocative of rejoinders than the no-answer; it is in its own nature disputatious, while the no-answer is very often conciliatory. It is much more unpleasant to be caught in a weak answer than in a no-answer; the thing when diligently dissected has a much uglier look. In short a no-answer does often in a manner satisfy the questioner; but the weak answer never satisfies the questioner, and if the questioner skillfully presses his advantage, he can often secure that it shall not satisfy even those who make it. The most successful form of fallacious answer is that where some irrelevant motive is brought forward to

account for this or that. Let us take the department of criticism. A. is severely censured in such an article; he has written a book full of blunders; he has broken down in the very thing on which he most prided himself. A. and his friends find out, or think they find out, that the article was written by B., who has private reasons for disliking A. They think that the thing is now all straight and that they need not care for the criticism. Yet this sort of answer is the merest fallacy. Truth is truth, whoever says it and whatever are his reasons for saying it. To say in such a case that B. dislikes A. may possibly show that they have hit on the real reason why B. reviewed A.'s book, why perhaps he took a certain pleasure in pointing out his errors, but it does not in the least show that B.'s criticism is not perfectly just and fairly called for. The opposite form of this fallacy is less amiable, though it has a nearer approach to truth. Praise from the mouth or pen of a personal friend is often held to be worthless. And undoubtedly friendship has a certain tendency to blind men's eyes, while enmity has a tendency to open them. Yet the favourable criticism of a friend is by no means necessarily worthless. Friendship may make a man specially anxious to call attention to his friend's merits, but it by no means follows that those merits do not exist. A friend probably gives more real attention to his friend's productions than a stranger does, and may often find out real merits which the stranger does not see. Again, people choose their friends; they are not given them by fate like their brothers and sisters. The merits on the part of A. to which B. wishes the world to do justice may have been the very ground on which B. chose A. for his friend. He may by habit have learned to exaggerate those merits, but he was an impartial judge when he first saw and valued them.

Both these kinds of fallacy often succeed, partly because they contain a certain element of truth, partly because people rejoice in finding out what they think is a personal motive in anything. It is a more unlucky fallacy when the reply to a charge takes, as it sometimes does, the form of a real aggravation of the charge. To stick to examples from literary criticism, A. censures B. for a book full of blunders. C. thinks it an answer to say that A. is a great scholar all the same; his blunders arise, not from ignorance, but from carelessness. This is indeed a case of "save me from my friends." A's retort is obvious and triumphant. The enemy has only attacked B.'s intellect; his friend defends him by surrendering his morals. A. charges him only with a blunder; C., in his defence, charges him with a crime. A. at the worst accused him of ignorance, which may be quite innocent, and of failure to appreciate his own place, which is but a venial sin. C., as counsel for the defence, charges him with what, in one who undertakes to be an instructor, is the most unpardonable of sins. If a book is bad, it makes no practical difference what is the cause of the badness; whether it spring from ignorance or from carelessness greatly concerns the condition of the writer, but to the reader it is all one. Nay, a charitable reader will hope that ignorance is the real cause; for the ignorant we may often pity, while for the habitually careless we can have no mercy at all. In morals a crime is worse than a blunder; in politics a blunder is worse than a crime; but it is surely the weakest of all defences to show that your friend is guilty of a crime and a blunder at the same moment.

A NEW SHAKSPEARE FARCE-TRAGEDY.

ONE of the strongest arguments of the Spiritualists is derived from a set of events which are so much alike that they constitute a class. The Stockwell mystery of 1772 is a type. Here we find that, for no reason whatever, all the plates and dishes in some unhappy household with one consent jump off the shelves and smash themselves to pieces. An entire china closet is possessed with a suicidal mania, and every glass and piece of crockery in the house displays and executes a frantic determination to destroy itself. Pickle jars and glass bottles fly out of constraining hands and launch themselves into space and on to the stones. To use the graphic language of the narrative:—"A glass tumbler jumped about two feet off the floor and then broke. A china bowl that stood in the parlour jumped from the floor to behind a table, and when it was put back to its place, it remained some time and then flew to pieces. A single cup, the only thing remaining, flew across the kitchen ringing like a bell, and was then dashed to pieces. A nine-gallon cask of beer emptied itself; a pail of water boiled like a pot; and a box of candles rolled and tossed about." Not being sceptical ourselves, although the *Spiritual Magazine* charges us with this sin, we fully believe that here is a case of true diabolic possession. No mischievous servant-maid, as has been suggested, though with whole leagues of wire at command, could have executed such freakish and elfish mischief. Here are the "sperrits" at work—the "sperrits" perhaps of some deceased Minton or Osler of the period, who, in the interests of trade, committed all this havoc on the pots and pans and glasses of an innocent household. Nothing but possession will account for it. We do not say that the Devil in person is at the bottom of this sort of thing, for he has affairs far more serious to attend to than galvanizing fitches of bacon and smashing teacups. But we truly believe all this to be the handiwork of some *diabolotin*, some small imp of mischief, some contemptible little varlet and *gamin* of "the spiritual world." Puck, in his more frisky mood, might have done it. As Thomas Hood had occasion to lament in a singularly beautiful poem, the good folks are dead now, and the bad ones too. Still, if we have lost those gracious ministerings from Fairy-

land, it is some compensation to know that the Stockwell ghost and the Tedworth drummer and the Cock Lane sprite are laid also. It is something that we can sleep in our beds without being disturbed by such an incident in the watches of the night as that recorded, and gravely recorded, without the least suspicion of hoax, in the last *Spiritual Magazine*, where, as the narrator, "a schoolmaster of Ipswich in the seventeenth century," reveals, after sundry "dreadful noises and horrible stynkes," "the chairs and taybles did move and shake terribly; and soon" (let us say) the chamber furniture "began to move about, and it did jumpe upon a chair, whirlyunge around right meryle. I clutched it by y^e handdell, and y^e potte did hoppe and skyppe around y^e roome, all toe our greater astonishmente." Speaking generally, we are released from these terrors of the unseen world. Occasionally, however, even in these dull prosaic days, the spirits reassert their presence. Some things go so unaccountably wrong, with such a perverse and persistent determination to come to grief, that we at once suspect, and more than suspect, the old agency of spiritual mischief not quite scotched. Earl Russell's letters—to take a case from public life—Mr. Disraeli's uniform habit of making a mess of it as the phrase is, Mr. Darby Griffith's or Mr. Whalley's Parliamentary doings in general, and the bad luck of the Federal Generals, are certainly too elfishly unlucky to be the result of merely human blundering or bad luck.

But the fate of the Shakspeare Memorial is the last and drollest effort of the spirits of malicious fun. Why should this whole affair have come, in every particular, chapter and verse, to such condign and total grief? There is nothing at all absurd in the notion of getting up a National Shakspeare Monument. On the contrary, it is a thing to be done. Even a Shakspeare Festival has its precedent—a sufficiently absurd one, it is true—in Garrick's Stratford Jubilee. A Tercentenary glorification has been tried so often that we almost condone its absurdity from the fact that it is only a stupid plagiarism. In itself, even the formation of the London Shakspeare Committee was not absolutely ridiculous. Mr. Dixon has won a name in literature. Mr. Halliwell, the co-secretary, though not without his fopperies, is a man of great, if queer, reading. In the antecedents of even the London Committee there was nothing on which to anticipate its ridiculous break-down. We are not going to repeat its history. It has disappeared, vanished, exhaled. Like Aubrey's ghost, "being interrogated it made no answer"; but, unlike Aubrey's ghost, it has left neither "a curious perfume," nor a "melodious twang." The London Committee collapsed in a wrangle, a *fiasco*, a break-down, so thorough, so ingeniously comical, so total, and so absurd that we can only account for its ignominious death on the same theory under which we subscribe to the Stockwell mystery. The Devil, or at least an imp, was in it. A superhuman, or infrahuman, agency is necessary to account for a catastrophe so mischievously nonsensical and ridiculous.

The London Shakspeare Memorial, however, did not stand alone. There was a Stratford Memorial Committee, and something at least of the public confidence which was alienated by the sayings and doings of Messrs. Dixon and Halliwell gravitated to Stratford. At Stratford there has always been a semi-religious fanaticism about Shakspeare, and nobody very seriously objected to an extravagant outbreak of it. Besides, there was every reason to believe that the malignant influence at work had been exorcised by the completeness of the London failure. No Puck could be frolicsome or tricky enough to lead his victims, if he could find them, a second witches' dance through bog and briar. Besides, the respectables and the dignified mustered in strength and dulness round the Stratford Committee. However, it very soon became at least a suspicion that "the strange doings" were about to be repeated. It was like the old ghost story which relates how a family fled from a haunted house, and how, half-way to the new residence, a gibing voice, in mocking tones from the midst of a feather-bed, shrieked out, "Ha! you're flitting are you; I'm flitting too." Puck has certainly gone down to Stratford. He will not leave the Shakspeare Memorial while there is breath in it. What but the old inspirer of Messrs. Dixon and Halliwell could have dictated the Stratford programme? What mundane wit could have suggested a Banquet and Handel's *Messiah*, a Miscellaneous Concert and *Twelfth Night*, *Hamlet* and a Fancy Dress Ball, together with such a gallimaufry as Shakspearian Readings (of course by Mr. Bellow), excursions, and exhibitions of actors' portraits, and could call all this a National Shakspeare Festival? The witch cauldron in *Macbeth* and its weird cooks must have been at work at this strange bill of fare. *Twelfth Night* and the *Messiah*—that is, "Comfort ye my people" and Sir Toby Belch—but the absurdity so closely trenches on the profane that we decline to pursue the nauseous parallel. This only we must, in the interest of decency, observe, that if the "Hallelujah Chorus" can by any stretch of imagination be deemed suitable to a Shakspeare Festival, then a fancy dress ball, with its *Débardeurs* and *Pierrots*, is very much out of artistic and dramatic keeping.

But this is not all. The same ludicrous fatality attends everything connected with this outbreak of the Lues Shakspeariana. It infects all who are connected with it. There is an Executive Committee to whom the monument is entrusted. Of the monument we have always had but one opinion. It is a very proper thing; and the choice of the memorial was entrusted to men in whom, or in many of whom, artists might place great confidence. We can say nothing as to the knowledge of art possessed by the

Duke of Manchester, but Mr. W. Cowper's official position justified his place on the Committee. Sir Joseph Paxton once stumbled into a single great success in design. Mr. Tite and Mr. Donaldson, as Presidents of the Institution of British Architects, justify the choice made of them. Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Macclise represent very creditably art in its amateur and in its practical form. Yet what but the envious instigation of the ancient and unappeasable spirit of mischief could have induced these gentlemen to clog their proposal for the monument with the outrageously absurd provision, to use their own wonderful language, that "the monument should embrace a bronze statue, placed under a decorative canopy, in the style of the poet's period"? What on earth do they mean by a monument embracing a bronze statue? and what is "the style of the poet's period"? If they or their treacherous prompter mean architectural art as practised in Shakspeare's lifetime, do they mean the decaying Gothic of Elizabeth's time? or the halting Tudor? or the brainless Jacobean? Do they not know—if they do not, let them go to Queen Elizabeth's monument in Westminster Abbey, and they may perhaps learn—that of all caricatures and debasements of art, of all senseless and barbarous mixtures, "the style of the poet's period" is the very ugliest and most abominable? But so it is. There is a fatality about the whole thing. The Shakspeare blight infects all that it touches. *Omne quod tetigit*, he, the malign spirit, makes a mess of.

There only remained the theatrical portion of the celebration. It seemed impossible to spoil this part of the Festival. To be sure, the plays offered at Stratford were like the sermons appraised by Cowper's tithe-payers—plaguy dear. To ask the most devout of Shakspeare's worshippers to pay 21s. in a Stratford barn for what they could get for 5s. in a London theatre, was a bold attack on the faith and fervour of the holy pilgrims. But it passed. And even the unlucky Phelps affair was beginning to be forgotten, though it showed that spiritual wickedness was at work in Warwickshire as well as in London. It argued something at least unhuman to set Mr. Bellew and Mr. Phelps by the ears; and Puck must have laughed in his sleeve, if he has any, when "the foremost man in his profession claimed the right to play Hamlet on this occasion," and indignantly exclaimed "that he had been insulted by the Stratford Committee asking Mr. Fechter to play Hamlet." But even this was got over somehow or other, and everybody thought we had come to the last disaster. For the London Committee to have stumbled over the Thackeray difficulty, and for the Stratford Committee to have floundered into the Phelps trouble, ought to have satisfied the most spiteful of evil influences, and hope began to whisper that all was at last smooth, at least in the Stratford Green Room. The *Times* has for a whole month advertised, "Tuesday evening, *Twelfth Night*: Wednesday evening, *Hamlet*: Thursday evening, *As You Like It*: reserved seats, 21s." We did not like it at all, but we submitted; when lo, at the eleventh hour—nay, at a quarter to twelve—on April 4 (the Festival being to come off on the 23rd), the crowning trouble is announced. Mr. Fechter follows Mr. Phelps's example, and retires in grievous dudgeon. There is to be no *Hamlet* after all. So that at last Mr. Phelps's divine wrath is appeased, and on the foremost man in his profession will not be inflicted the indignity of seeing, or hearing of, *Hamlet* presented at the great "Stratford-on-Avon Tercentenary Festival" by a Mossoo. Moreover, by a just Nemesis, the indignity which was offered to Mr. Phelps has been repaid twofold to Mr. Fechter; at least so he tells us, for there are accusations and recriminations on both sides. "Dr. Flower, M.D., Hon. Sec.," announces that "Mr. Fechter has broken faith with the Committee." Mr. Fechter, through his friend "H. Barnett, Esq."—for, as Warren kept a poet, so actors now-a-days keep a Secretary—on the other hand complains that the Stratford Committee has forced him to the painful necessity of abandoning *Hamlet* by passing a resolution (which was a sensible one enough, and only desired Mr. Fechter's guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. Bellew, to mind his own business) "giving the force of truth to the false and ungenerous statement spread about by one of your members, and published by unfriendly papers, namely, that Mr. Fechter by 'under-current and trickery ways' forced on the choice of his *Hamlet*." To all which Dr. Flower rejoins by professing his "entire ignorance of any such resolution—in fact, we are quite at a loss to know to what resolution you refer, or who are the members of the Committee to whom you refer." We think that we can clear up the mystery. The "spirits" have been at it again. The imps of darkness, who have all along had a spite against the Shakspeare Festival, have crowned their malignity. They passed the mysterious resolution; the English of the alleged "under-current and trickery ways" is thoroughly elfish and diabolic. They have silly punched Mr. Phelps into heroics and secretly pinched Mr. Fechter into sulks. It's all their doing. Nothing else can account for it. A series of such blunders, a succession of such misfortunes, a consistent course of such maladroitness, in London and Stratford, in theatre and monument, in committee and out of committee, in promise and, as it now seems, in performance, could only have been originated by Satanic malevolence and Satanic skill. No mortal proficiency in blundering could have achieved this sublime and superb triumph of failure. The whole history of the Shakspeare Tercentenary Festival combines, in the true Shakspearian spirit, the most awful tragedy and the liveliest farce.

MR. LOWE'S LAST BLUNDER.

NO doubt, to a sanguine nature, there is something very exasperating in defeat. When a fidgetty gentleman of waspish temper is bent on catching the morning express, and misses it, he must vent his spite on somebody. Before the impassive officials on the railway platform he is forced to swallow his rage; he cannot abuse them, or get them discharged for his own want of punctuality. But the fire burns all the more fiercely for being temporarily suppressed. When he gets home into the bosom of his family, his wife and servants are sure to have a bad time of it. In snapping and snarling, bullying and teasing, there is a satisfaction second only to that of having effected his object and got to town in proper time. But woe to any unfortunate whom he has the slightest pretext for connecting with the recent miscarriage. Let him but take into his head that the coachman dawdled on the road to the station, and that luckless wight is singled out for vengeance. To dock his wages or turn him off without a character is his first impulse; but, so summary a proceeding being not quite practicable, the offending domestic is allowed to retain his place, to be snubbed and worried at every future opportunity, until he is wearied out or commits some peccadillo on which his observant enemy can pounce.

It seems that the relations between Mr. Lowe and his Inspectors are not unlike those which exist between such a brooding, resentful master and a dependent whom he suspects and dislikes, but has no just ground for discarding. Because they have shared the general distrust which his tenure of office has inspired, because their experience runs provokingly counter to his theories, because they cannot be brought to see with the eyes of Mr. Lowe and to report at his dictation, they stink in the nostrils of their chief. And he is not the man to conceal his dislike of a bad smell. The elaborate attack upon his subordinates with which he prefaced his introduction of the Revised Code will not easily be forgotten. Still more significant were the covert menaces addressed last Session to "disloyal" Inspectors. They were sternly told that their future comfort depended on submission. So long as a policy of coercion is limited to a series of sharp snubs or acts of petty official spite, it is not very serious. Courtesy, as we lately took occasion to remark, is not the strong point of the Civil Service, and we never heard that the Education Office was conspicuous for those amenities of language and manner which education is sometimes thought to impart. But the authorities in Whitehall are commencing operations, it seems, on a more extended scale. They are setting their house in order by means the most simple and efficacious—they are purging disloyalty with drastic effect. The reign of terror has begun with the dismissal of Mr. J. H. Morell, a School-Inspector of seven years' standing, of whose official reports one at least, we believe, has met the common fate of State-papers which displease the fastidious taste of the Vice-President. To the nature of the offence which has drawn down this condign punishment we beg particular attention. It is set forth in a pamphlet which is in circulation, consisting chiefly of the correspondence which has passed between the Council Office and Mr. Morell.

It appears that a practice exists for School-Inspectors to furnish the Office with a weekly diary of their proceedings. The object is twofold—to show what has been done and what has been spent, of course in an official capacity only. If the travelling expenses of the week were accurately stated, and a fair week's work were duly recorded, its purpose might seem, to a lay understanding, to be sufficiently accomplished. So thought and so reckoned good easy Mr. Morell, when, on a certain Tuesday in September, 1861—a day ever memorable in his calendar—he found himself at Cardiff, on the shores of the Bristol Channel. The sun had gone down, and the breeze from the sea fanned a cheek flushed with the labour of examining 160 young Welchmen. Across the dark waters lay the coast of Devon, and across Devon, Plymouth, thirsting for the periodical visit of her Inspector. An idea struck this misguided gentleman that, instead of waiting till the next morning, he would slip across the Channel that Tuesday night, leaving the remainder of the journey to Plymouth for the following day. This plan he proceeded to execute. One wonders that, as he paced the deck that evening, no pitying Nereid or Triton rose from the waves to whisper some dim foreboding of the fearful storm that was brewing in Whitehall. And now mark the next step in this downward career. Having satisfied the demands of Plymouth and her schools, and of Devonport and her schools, Mr. Morell sat down to compose what the Secretary of the Council Office calls "the contemporary record of his proceedings." When it came to this memorable journey, what did he do? For brevity, for simplicity's sake, as he maintains—for some dark ulterior motive, as his superiors opine—he entered a journey which had extended over parts of two days as travelled wholly upon one day—the Wednesday, namely, upon which the greater part of it was actually travelled. Not a farthing of additional expense was charged to the Government, not a moment of the public time was wasted. But it did not appear on the face of his diary that the journey from Cardiff to Plymouth, indicated as the official employment for Wednesday, and actually continued through that day, had, from motives of personal convenience, been begun over night. That interesting fact was withheld from a paternal department which would seem to watch the itinerary of its officers with the minute and rapt attention which a cat bestows on the vagaries of a frisky mouse.

It is difficult for an outsider to apprehend a point so micro-

scopic, and, when apprehended, it is still more difficult to speak of it with gravity. But, so far as we can understand the matter, it would seem that, at most, all that can be objected to Mr. Morell is that he was guilty three years ago of an utterly unimportant verbal inaccuracy. Not only does Mr. Morell loudly protest that he had no intention to deceive, but it is clear that there neither existed nor could exist any conceivable motive for deception. But what do the administrators of the Council Office care for motives or intentions? In that sphere of sweet simplicity or rigid virtue, the smallest deviation from literal accuracy of statement is to be visited with expulsion. There no fiction is regarded as harmless, no evasion as innocent. Mr. Lowe is the very *Ingenu* of official life, ever ready to run a tilt at the conventionalisms of a naughty world. The Education department is a little Arcadia of candour and plain speech in the midst of its shifty, tortuous, and circumlocutory compeers. In its innermost bower sits the Permanent Secretary, tuning his pipe to an unpremeditated lay. The scene disclosed is pretty and idyllic; but somehow no one suspected Downing Street of such primitive morals, such unsophisticated innocence. But it is not merely historical accuracy in every detail which Mr. Lowe demands from his Inspectors. He wants something more. There must be no reservations from him—no concealments. He would fain have each minute incident of their daily life chronicled. Nothing can be too insignificant to excite his interest and sympathy. This Mr. Morell evidently failed to understand. He seems to have regarded, and to persist in regarding, his diary as the record of his official work alone, not an absolute record of all his proceedings. He omitted all mention of his little evening trip, when there were a thousand details connected with it of which "My Lords" would have been glad to have been informed. Was the night calm or rough? Did occasion arise for the friendly ministrations of the steward? Arrived in port, did he seek a shelter at the Lion or the Bull? Did a mutton-chop, or eggs and bacon, recruit that night exhausted nature? Were the sheets well-aired or damp? was the waiter attentive or morose? It was a little disingenuous to suppress all mention of these particulars. Did he soothe his nerves with a pipe or a weed? To have specified which would have been but becoming on the part of an officer "whose whole function," according to Mr. Lingen, "turns on accuracy of statement." We merely indicate a few of the points on which a more candid autobiographer would have gratified the curiosity of his official superiors. They might be multiplied without end. A diary constructed on this principle would be a document far more lively and instructive than the dry recital of schools visited and expenses incurred.

But, comic as this great diary question must appear to the general reader, to Mr. Morell himself it has proved no laughing matter. Having admitted what discrepancy existed between his entry and the actual fact, and appealed in justification to the practice of other Inspectors, he received last February a summons to resign. Upon this he asked for a private interview with the Lord President, hoping probably for a more lenient judgment from the good-humoured nobleman who reigns over the Council Office. A woful disappointment awaited him. Flanked on each side by Mr. Lingen and Mr. Lowe, the Lord President sat with stern front and awful mien. Seldom has a tribunal so august met to pronounce upon a matter so infinitesimal. It can be compared to nothing but a solemn conclave of Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, to sentence a fly to be broken on the wheel. Once only was the calm judicial character of the proceedings compromised by a characteristic sally on the part of Mr. Lowe. The incident is best told in Mr. Morell's own words:—

In speaking of the passage from Cardiff to Bristol on the evening of the 17th, I happened to say that, thinking it of small importance, I had not been more particular in explaining it. Whereupon the Vice-President broke in with the remark—"Do you call an untruth unimportant?" I refrained from any answer to the remark at the moment; but I mention it as an average specimen of Mr. Lowe's manner of dealing with gentlemen in situations subordinate to him.

Two days after this interview, the Secretary wrote to Mr. Morell, offering him a last opportunity of tendering his resignation. The offer was refused. We quote the final paragraph of the letter in which that refusal was conveyed:—

With the conviction that I have, both that the entry in my diary above cited is not open to the charge of untruthfulness, and that it is sought to punish in my single instance a mode of entry not only in itself not faulty, but which besides has been the general practice of the Inspectors, your Lordship will yourself see that the call upon me to resign made by the Secretary is one with which I cannot comply. A consciousness of my own truthfulness in the matter impugned, as well as a sense of injustice suffered, forbid it. And I therefore beg most respectfully to decline the resignation of my office.

Finally, on the 4th of March, Mr. Morell's appointment was cancelled by an Order in Council. The Order, we observe, has never been gazetted.

We have purposely stripped this narrative of all collateral matter, in order to place before our readers with greater clearness the precise point on which this gentleman has been dismissed. Another point, indeed, was made against him by Mr. Lingen, which betrays in a curious manner the *animus* with which he has been pursued. He was accused, about two years ago, of unfair conduct in the course of an examination of Queen's Scholars. An inquiry was instituted on his own demand. The result was that he was officially censured, in July 1862, in the following terms:—

My Lords have hesitated long between this measure and your enforced resignation. Severe as are the consequences of the latter sentence, my Lords desire me to impress on you the certainty of its following any further act upon your part to shake the confidence which my Lords ought to be able to feel in all their officers.

This caution is solemnly recited by Mr. Lingen in the letter in which Mr. Morell is called upon to resign. The disregard of it is treated as an aggravation of the offence of September 1861, for which the latter is now dismissed. The virtuous indignation of the Council Office has made it somewhat oblivious of dates. A caution administered in 1862 is quoted, in 1864, as adding to the culpability of an act committed in 1861. We leave the task of explaining how a warning can be made to operate backwards as well as forwards to the Secretary, as the censor of an officer "whose whole function turns on accuracy of statement." Into the question of Mr. Morell's fitness or unfitness for the office of a School-Inspector, we do not enter. Even if his unfitness were fully established, the fact remains that he is dismissed mainly upon this trumpety charge of inaccuracy, ferreted out of a paper which has lain three years in the pigeon-holes of the Council Office, in the course of an inquiry granted at the instance of a discarded master. To hang a man for petty larceny because we think we have reason to suspect him of murder is a view of justice which Dogberry and Verges might endorse, but which is hardly consonant to the dignity and enlightenment of the Lords of the Committee on Education. Such an act (to quote Mr. Lingen's words once more) "carries with it its own condemnation." The course which has been adopted in this strange affair appears to us almost unintelligible, except on the assumption that it is intended to punish, in the person of an individual, a body of officers who have shown an inconvenient independence of spirit, and for whom, if he had his way, Mr. Lowe would gladly substitute a set of docile and tractable clerks.

STANDARD WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE question What is a yard? would be found by many persons as difficult to answer as Sir Robert Peel's question, What is a pound? A simple answer might content an unlettered age, as when King Henry I. fixed the standard of long measure by commanding that the yard should be made of the length of his own arm. It does not appear whether this monarch intended that the standard thus ordained should exist only in flesh and bone, or that stone or metal should be employed to give a fixed place and durability to that which otherwise would have been ambulatory and perishable. Even at a period when what we should now call exact observation was unknown, it would surely have occurred to somebody that the King's arm might possibly grow longer or shorter, according to the use he made of it; for although we know from the highest authority that a man cannot by taking thought add to his stature, it would be easy to suggest a method by which he might increase perceptibly the length of his arm. And even if the country had failed to notice the possibility of variation in the standard of measure supplied by the arm of a particular King, it must have been plain to the dullest comprehension that the lengths of the arms of successive Kings were likely to be as various as their characters. To depend for trade profits upon the length of the King's arm would have been even more intolerable than to depend for constitutional rights upon the length of the King's foot. Accordingly we find that, in a later reign, recourse was had to a standard which its authors doubtless thought invariable. A statute of Edward II. ordained that "three barley-corns, round and dry, should make an inch." From the inch thus ascertained were derived the foot, yard, perch, and, what was of most consequence, the acre. A statute of the preceding reign had declared the breadth of land that constituted the acre for different lengths from ten perches upwards, so as always to make 160 square perches. It does not appear by what process of inquiry these important arithmetical results were arrived at, but it may be supposed that Parliament regarded them with as much satisfaction as in our own day would be excited by the most elaborate report of the most indefatigable Committee that ever sat. Having ascertained by cautious investigation that, if 160 were divided by 10, the quotient would be 16, Parliament proceeded to declare accordingly for the benefit of all landowners. It can excite no surprise to find an age which required the intervention of Parliament for the performance of simple arithmetical operations contented to adopt a barleycorn for its standard of length. Indeed it is probable that the age considered the adoption of this standard as an important advance in science. A standard of weight of the same nature had been adopted in a previous reign. In the 51st year of Henry III., by the consent of the whole realm of England, the measure of our Lord the King was made—that is to say, it was enacted that an English penny sterling should weigh 32 wheatcorns in the midst of the ear, and 20 pence should make an ounce, &c.

Coming down to modern times, we find that in 1814 a Committee of the House of Commons resolved "that the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds in the latitude of London had been ascertained to be 39'13047 inches, of which the standard yard contains 36." As experiments with a pendulum vibrating *in vacuo* are to experiments in simple division, so perhaps was the learning of the time of George III. to that of the time of Edward I. But it does not appear that the improvement which has taken place in the standards has been proportioned to the progress of science in

the intervening period. At least that improvement has fallen short of what some scientific men propounded as theoretically desirable. The pendulum has been recommended as the standard of measure, but it has not been adopted. The standard yard which was the supreme authority was lost when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834, and the proceedings taken to restore it had no reference to the pendulum, but consisted of delicate comparisons of several secondary standards derived from the original standard which had perished. The object of these comparisons was to obtain the mean length of all the secondary standards. The proceedings were taken under the advice of Commissioners appointed by the Treasury, who reported in 1841 that "accurate restoration of the standard of length by means of the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds had been found to be doubtful, and they were fully persuaded that, with reasonable precautions, it would always be possible to provide for the accurate restoration of standards by means of material copies which had been carefully compared with them." This report, being signed, among others, by the Astronomer Royal and Sir J. F. Herschel, will probably be considered by the ordinary reader as sufficiently scientific, while at the same time it was evidently dictated by practical common sense. The inquiries instituted under the advice of these Commissioners occupied several years, and involved a vast amount of labour which was gratuitously bestowed by lovers of science. "When the most accurately verified copies of the lost standard yard which could be procured were compared with each other, at different degrees of temperature, irregularities were found, and doubts in the reduction of them. These irregularities were attributable not only to the imperfect construction of these instruments, but also to the insufficient and unsatisfactory mode of their original verification, particularly with reference to the effect of temperature. It was known also that the defining points of the lost standard were large and irregular dots upon gold pins, and which did not admit of accurate comparison." The length of the yard was finally determined by taking the mean length of the several most authoritative standards which constituted the best evidence of the lost standard. In the year 1853, the new standard which had been thus constructed was deposited at the Exchequer. This standard yard is defined by the interval between two lines upon a bar of gun-metal. The bar is about 38 inches long and 1 inch square. "Near to the end of each bar a cylindrical hole is sunk from the upper surface of the bar to the depth of half an inch, and at the bottom of each cylindrical hole is inserted a gold pin, upon which are cut three fine lines in the direction transverse to the bar, and two fine lines parallel to the axis of the bar. The limiting points of the yard measure are those points of the middle transversal lines which are midway between the longitudinal lines." This is what is called a "line measure," in which the yard is marked by lines upon a bar rather more than a yard long. Some secondary standards made at the same time are "end measures," that is to say, they are bars a yard long from end to end. The primary standard yard was placed in a mahogany box, and this, along with another mahogany box containing the standard pound, which had been constructed at the same time and by the same authority, was placed in an oak box; and this oak box was placed in a stone case, "like one of the ancient Celtic coffins," which stone case was deposited in the vaulted strong-room of the Exchequer. The arrangement of the sunken gold pins, with lines cut upon them to mark the extremities of the yard, will probably strike the unscientific reader as peculiar, and perhaps, if it had not been made under such high authority, he might venture to think that it would be likely to be found practically inconvenient. However, it cannot be doubted that the arrangement is a good one, at least as long as the standard yard remains in the strong-room of the Exchequer, as it has done ever since it was constructed. The secondary standards, which, as above stated, are "end measures," are used for the verification of measures intended for the purposes of daily life, and it may be supposed that for this they are better adapted than the "line measures."

The above particulars have been derived from a curious Parliamentary paper lately issued, in the form of a Report from the Comptroller-General of the Exchequer to the Treasury. This report exhibits the conflict which is always going on between the scientific aspirations of a minority of the English people and what may be called the rude habits of thought and action of the majority. It is probable that when the Parliament of Edward I. succeeded in doing a simple division sum it took credit to itself for very high arithmetical proficiency. And, allowing for some inevitable access of knowledge, the Parliament of today truly represents its earliest predecessors. It respects scientific men, it listens to and endeavours, with more or less success, to comprehend their theories, but it cannot easily bring itself to see their practical utility. Sometimes Parliament is wrong in thus undervaluing science, but not always. The extreme solicitude which has been expressed in reference to the establishment and conservation of the standards of weight and measure is only natural to men whose lives have been devoted to astronomical and kindred studies. Parliament receives the suggestions of such men, as it is bound to do, with profound respect; but it cannot help feeling that the points to which philosophers have directed their attention are not the only, and perhaps are not the most important, points which demand attention in reference to weights and measures. Parliament has repeated from time to time, during something like six centuries, the enactment that there shall be uniform weights and measures throughout England, but it

has never been able to enforce obedience. At this day it is said that there are districts where a humble living is to be made by an industrious man who will buy potatoes in a market where the stone is large and sell them in a market where the stone is small. The resistance to the will of Parliament arises simply out of the attachment of the people to ancient usages. A much more serious evil is that deviation from the standards of weight and measure which is caused by the deliberate purpose of a tradesman to sell to his customer a less quantity of an article than the customer supposes himself to buy. When one hears that the weights used in a shop fall short by ounces and pounds of the secondary standard by which they are tested, it appears by comparison a small evil that the secondary should be proved or suspected to differ from the primary standard by a fraction of a grain. Nevertheless the utmost attainable accuracy in reference to the standards should be aimed at, and therefore it is to be expected that Parliament will pay attention to such suggestions of scientific men as are contained in the paper lately laid before it.

The French system, as is well known, is based upon the *mètre*, or the ten-millionth part of the distance from the equator to the pole. This system, like our own of the pendulum, and also (if *savans* will forgive the mention of it in the same class) that of the barleycorn, were all founded upon the notion of reference to something which should be immutable so long as the world lasted. Our ancestors, who thought that all barleycorns must always be of the same length, could not be expected to foresee that agricultural proficiency of their posterity which seems to delight in nothing so much as in producing varieties of grain. It is a remarkable illustration of the difference in the characters of the two nations that—while the French will doubtless persevere in using their celestial standard until heaven and earth, or at least the French nation, shall pass away—we have abandoned our pendulum, and addressed ourselves to the wholly terrestrial business of endeavouring to ascertain what was the length of the standard yard which was made in 1760 and lost in 1834. As this business was undertaken by the advice of the Astronomer Royal, we may infer that it was an advantageous compromise between science and common sense. The latter quality is conspicuously shown in a paper on Decimal Coinage, by Mr. Airy, which accompanies the Report on Weights and Measures. "It is to be presumed," says this paper, "that in mere retail matters mankind have, by almost infinite practice, fixed on what they like best." This remark may be commended to the notice of some advocates of Decimal Coinage who, having perhaps equal learning with the Astronomer Royal, have certainly less wisdom.

A MEMORIAL IN DIFFICULTIES.

A DIVERTING commentary on our last week's paper upon Sculpture was furnished by the *Times* of the same day. In that paper we pointed out that the reputation of our sculptors is apt to be founded on patronage—that it is rarely a well-grounded popular credit (as in the case of music or painting) which selects them for public employment, but the voice of some single patron, or at most of a small clique, obviously, and indeed confessedly, swayed by personal likings for the man, not by impartial judgment of the artist. We remarked on the way in which good-humoured social friendship lends a hand to commemorate itself in pretended art. A. or B. makes himself pleasant to M. or N., and M. or N. responds by getting up some memorial, nominating an "executive committee" composed of himself and a friend or two, and turning over the job to the favoured *protégé*. Everything is done with the best intentions, and, could the matter end there, it would be well enough. But we were compelled, further, to draw attention to the natural results of a system which degrades the noblest of the fine arts to an affair of convivial talent or drawing-room accomplishments. The Duke bestriding his archway, and Nelson with a long-tailed cable between his legs, as M. Taine describes him, are the proper and inevitable consequences of this agreeable give-and-take between client and patron. It is no wonder that the popular mind—having at least some dim sense that art of this quality, however it may be thrust down people's throats by the most fashionable of verdicts or the most brilliant of smiles, must be wrong—should, as we noticed, revolt perpetually against the failures perpetrated in the august name of patronage. Even the persons least conversant with sculpture must perceive—that an "executive committee" often fails to recognise—that a statue should be an object of beauty and a resemblance of life. They have heard of finish, grace, and truth to nature; and not finding these qualities perceptible in most of our modern public monuments, they are naturally disinclined to lend their aid to the perpetuation of a system unhappily so discredited by its fruits.

We were perfectly aware that, in exposing a public nuisance which threatens daily to vex English eyes, however it may amuse foreigners, at every corner of London, we were completely within the limits of fact. Indeed, the notoriety of the evil, almost yearly dwelt on in Parliament, was our main inducement to disregard the outcries of injured personal feeling which, however impertinently and unreasonably, are sure to rise when anything bad in the way of Memorials and Monuments is called by its proper name. Taste, whatever coteries or sects may assert, has laws which, if not absolutely and mathematically demonstrable, are quite sufficient for practical guidance; and these laws are felt—unconsciously perhaps, yet still felt—by many more people than exclusiveness is apt to fancy. We are sure, therefore, that an appeal to these

laws—even though they may long have been dormant, as in sculpture, owing to the degradation of that art in England through ill-directed and well-intentioned patronage—will always meet with a popular response. Put it once clearly to people whether they will pay for what they will take no pleasure in, and even John Bull will clap his hands over his apparently unfathomable breeches-pockets. But we were certainly not prepared for so gratifying and so comic an example of the truth of our opinions as the *Times* afforded by the article referred to on the "Clyde Memorial Fund." It appears that the "executive committee" (into the composition of which we do not intend to enter)—having gone through the preliminary stages with which, in their dark and dreary results, we are only too familiar—rashly took the step of confiding the job, not to an English artist, but to a Piedmontese sculptor whose attempts to fix his productions on England have provoked frequent and (we must own) very just comments of disgust from the English press. It must be added that, with an estimate of the value of Baron Marochetti's art which is shared by few beyond the circle who patronize him, the price has been set at a monstrous figure. The result is that the subscription languishes, and the journal which apparently aims at representing the circle in question finds it necessary to publish what, under a cloud of perfectly superfluous compliments to the late distinguished General, is only a committee advertisement, and one, we venture to think, not very cleverly disguised.

The desire to place in London a statue of Lord Clyde is not one from which many persons will withhold their sympathies. It is true that Scotland—where a similar Memorial is planned, and in point of funds is proceeding satisfactorily—might appear to be the fitter place to commemorate a man who has added one laurel more to the many which have been gathered by Scottish heroes; and, as Glasgow is undeniably part and parcel of the Empire, a statue to Lord Clyde in that city would fulfil the object of doing honour to the invaluable services which he rendered to the whole country. Nevertheless, nothing is further from our purpose than to contest the claims of one of our foremost military heroes to a metropolitan memorial. It is whispered, however, that in this case, as in the case of the Scutari monument, also confided to the same artist, the wish to provide a piece of work for a predetermined protégé was the motive agent in the scheme from the beginning. If this be so, to put it into Aristotelian language, what has proved the final cause of difficulty would be identical with the first cause of canvassing. We give this rumour—one of those which, whilst sculptors are made, not by merit, but by fashion, are sure to arise—for what it may be worth. Nor should we be disposed to cavil at the selection of a foreigner, *per se*, even for the execution of a work so peculiarly English as this. It may be thought, indeed, that accurately to seize the features and the style of such a man as Lord Clyde is not likely to be successfully accomplished by any one but a native artist, to that manner bred and born. We cannot, to take a parallel case, imagine an English sculptor satisfying Parisian spectators in a figure of Napoleon. At least it will be admitted that the circumstances of such a work put the artist in a peculiar difficulty, from which nothing but first-rate skill in his profession is likely to extricate him triumphantly. In a word, allowing freely that true art is cosmopolitan, it is an obvious rule that, without strong cause shown to the contrary, English hands should commemorate an Englishman.

Now, it happens that strong reasons exist in this case why the rule should not be set aside, and it is easy to justify that reluctance to subscribe which has generated this curious appeal from Printing House Square. The *Times*, indeed, assures us that Baron Marochetti's design "has obtained unqualified praise from the best judges." This, of course, we must simply interpret as meaning that those few members of the committee who, in all such matters, elect the artist are satisfied with their own choice. The statement, at any rate, is accompanied by no guarantee, and certainly cannot be admitted to carry any guarantee on the face of it. We shall be much surprised if an unsupported assertion, so questionable in its character, converts the sceptics whom a dislike to the unfortunate selection of the committee has led to withhold their subscriptions. It is, in fact, Baron Marochetti himself who has given reasons, which we venture to think powerful, why the rule of nationality of which we have spoken should not be set aside in his favour; and he cannot complain if, in such a case, we are disposed to look closely, but impartially, into his claims to exceptional treatment. For this artist has already tried his hand on foreign portrait subjects, and in each instance, in the judgment of those not interested in his work as patrons, with results which clearly indicate that he had undertaken a task beyond his capacities. In France, Court patronage gave him an equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans, which called from the best French critics expressions of dissatisfaction so complete—founded, not on fancy reasons, but on the ignorance displayed of even elementary knowledge of his art—as to warrant us in conjecturing that the removal of the group in 1848 only anticipated the verdict by which the Parisians would, on grounds of taste alone, have eventually cancelled a work which discredited their city. The figures are described by contemporary authority as unskilful in modelling, ugly in composition, and slovenly in detail, and the face—a point of even more than common importance in a portrait figure—as totally devoid of character. From a country where, owing to the general diffusion of public taste, sculpture, like painting, is not disposed of by patronage, the artist transferred himself to England. Here his success in English subjects has been precisely what might have been anticipated

from his French performances. The words in which our neighbours described his Duke of Orleans were applied here, with only too good reason, to his Duke of Wellington at Glasgow. There, again, we have the same tale of presumptuous incompetence, the same shallow effectism, the same ill-modelled horse and uncharacteristic features—the same proofs, in a word, that, whatever ability the sculptor may possess, he certainly lacks it in this direction. Of the notoriously slovenly execution of the sculptor's work in the Scutari Monument we need not here speak. And, not to pursue further a task which is inflicted on us solely by the ill-disguised attempts of our contemporary to force a foreigner on reluctant Englishmen, and to create a new laughing-stock for Frenchmen in London, the Baron's latest attempt in a figure of the Prince Consort at Aberdeen drew forth, the other day, from the journals of the place a deep protest of annoyance, which was only qualified by obvious considerations from assuming the tone of entire condemnation.

The truth is that, under what we have called free-trade in sculpture, the artificial reputation which a small circle of patrons have been for years trying, with but lame success, to confer on this unlucky artist—who, were public interests not involved, might be a subject for some commiseration—would not have stood for a day. It is the peculiar, though the very natural, error of such judges to mistake the intentions of flashy amateurism for the realizations of genuine art. The qualities which might give éclat to a gentleman who amuses himself by modelling would be justly and unceremoniously rejected by the common sense of the public when put forward as constituting a claim to the execution of monumental work. There is a limit to popular good humour, even in these matters. We are convinced that it is in this spirit that those interested in Lord Clyde's reputation will construe the *Times*' appeal *ad misericordiam*. They will probably refuse to accept an Italian sculptor for an eminently English work, even were his pretensions to art less flimsy than they are, at the bidding of a small section of the polite world and the dictation of a clique wholly unentitled to represent the interests of British art. Let it also be remembered (not without calling to mind the 14,000*l.* conferred on Baron Marochetti for the Scutari affair) that one of our best native sculptors received 5,000*l.* for that group of Lord Hardinge which it would be impertinent to compare with the style of art for which 8,000*l.* is now coolly asked, and we think few people will be disposed to join in that invitation to throw good money after bad which has provoked our protest. If there be a genuine public wish to commemorate Lord Clyde by a London statue, the committee will do well to rescind a decision which threatens their whole scheme with discomfiture. Indeed, we are disposed to congratulate them on a failure which allows them an escape from an untenable and unpopular position. To be the agents in setting up manifestly bad statues does not—as the Wellington, Nelson, and Napier affairs sufficiently prove—confer a very enviable notoriety on the promoters. Englishmen, in such cases, rightly or wrongly, suspect a job. They do not admit the excuse that all was intended for the best, nor do they attach any weight to "unqualified praise" when the visible result is an unqualified *fiasco*. A great man, in short, should be commemorated worthily, or the attempt should be laid aside. Better that Lord Clyde should remain, as Milton said of Shakspeare, "sepulchred in pomp" within the remembrance of his countrymen, than be handed down, till some Commissioner of Public Works directs his removal to obscurity, in one of those images of which, in Hamlet's phrase, one might appropriately say that we should have thought "some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated nature so abominably." Sir Walter Scott has somewhere drawn a picture which, with all deference to the "best judges," we venture to submit as a faithful anticipation of the tawdry style exhibited by the Baron's equestrian performances, the Duke of Orleans, the Cœur de Lion, and the Charles Albert:—

Who comes in foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdashery
Of feathers, lace, and fur?

It is thus that Scott gives his design for a sham hero. But is it after this fashion that Englishmen wish to see Lord Clyde represented?

REVIEWS.

GENESIS AND THE ZEND-AVESTA.*

THAT scholars could have the benefit of a little legal training, and learn at least the difference between what is probable and what is proven! What an advantage also, if they had occasionally to address a jury of respectable tradespeople, and were forced to acquire the art, or rather not to shrink from the effort, of putting the most intricate and delicate points in the simplest and clearest form of which they admit! What a lesson again it would be to men of independent research, if, after having amassed ever so many bags full of evidence, they had always before their eyes the fear of an impatient judge who wants to hear nothing but what is important and essential, and hates to listen to anything that is not to the point, however carefully it may have been worked out, and however eloquently it may be laid before him! There is hardly one

* *Erän, das Land zwischen dem Indus und Tigris, Beiträge zur Kenntniss des Landes und seiner Geschichte.* Von Dr. Friedrich Spiegel. Berlin: 1863.

book published now-a-days which, if everything in it that is not to the purpose were left out, could not be reduced to half its size. If authors could make up their minds to omit everything that is only meant to display their learning, to exhibit the difficulties they had to overcome, or to call attention to the ignorance of their predecessors, many a volume of thirty sheets would collapse into a pamphlet of fifty pages, though in that form it would probably produce a much greater effect than in its more inflated appearance.

Did the writers of the Old Testament borrow anything from the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Persians, or the Indians, is a simple enough question. It is a question that may be treated quite apart from any theological theories; for the Old Testament, whatever view the Jews may take of its origin, may surely be regarded by the historian as a really historical book, written at a certain time in the history of the world, in a language then spoken and understood by a people occupying a definite place among the races of mankind, and proclaiming certain facts and doctrines meant to be acceptable and intelligible to the Jews, such as they were at that time, and not to their more or less distant neighbours, whether Egyptians, Syrians, Persians, or Indians. We have in the language of the New Testament the clear vestiges of Greek and Roman influences, and if we knew nothing of the historical intercourse between those two nations and the writers of the New Testament, the very expressions used by them—not only their language, but their thoughts, their allusions, illustrations, and similes—would enable us to say that some historical contact had taken place between the philosophers of Greece, the lawgivers of Rome, and the people of Judea. Why then should not the same question be asked with regard to more ancient times? Why should there be any hesitation in pointing out in the Old Testament an Egyptian custom, or a Greek word, or a Persian conception? If Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, nothing surely would stamp his writings as more truly historical than traces of Egyptian influences that might be discovered in his laws. If Daniel prospered in the reign of Cyrus the Persian, every Persian word that could be discovered in Daniel would be most valuable in the eyes of a critical historian. The only thing which we may fairly require in investigations of this kind is that the facts should be clearly established. The subject is an important subject—important historically, quite apart from any theological consequences that may be supposed to follow. It is as important to find out whether the authors of the Old Testament had come in contact with the language and ideas of Babylon, Persia, and Egypt, as it is to know that the Jews, at the time of our Lord's appearance, had been reached by the rays of Greek and Roman civilization—that in fact our Lord, his disciples, and many of his followers, spoke Greek as well as Hebrew (i. e. Chaldee), and were no strangers to that sphere of thought in which the world of the Gentiles, the Greeks, and Romans had been moving for centuries.

Hints have been thrown out from time to time by various writers that certain ideas in the Old Testament might be ascribed to Persian influences, and be traced back to the Zend-Avesta, the sacred writings of Zoroaster. Much progress has been made in the deciphering of these ancient documents, since Anquetil Duperron brought the first instalment of MSS. from Bombay, and since the late Eugène Burnouf, in his *Commentaire sur le Yaçna*, succeeded in establishing the grammar and dictionary of the Zend language. Several editions of the works of Zoroaster have been published in France, Denmark, and Germany, and after the labours of Spiegel, Westergaard, Haug, and others, it might be supposed that such a question as the influence of Persian ideas on the writers of the Old Testament might at last be answered either in the affirmative or in the negative. We were much pleased, therefore, on finding that Professor Spiegel, the learned editor or translator of the *Avesta*, had devoted a chapter of his last work, *Erän, das Land zwischen dem Indus und Tigris*, to the problem in question. We read his chapter, *Avesta und die Genesis, oder die Beziehungen der Eranier zu den Semiten*, with the warmest interest, and when we had finished it, we put down the book with the very exclamation with which we began our article.

We do not mean to say anything disrespectful to Professor Spiegel, a scholar brimfull of learning, and one of the two or three men who know the *Avesta* by heart. He is likewise a good Semitic scholar, and knows enough of Hebrew to form an independent opinion on the language, style, and general character of the different books of the Old Testament. He brings together in his Essay a great deal of interesting information, and altogether would seem to be one of the most valuable witnesses to give evidence on the point in question. Yet suppose him for a moment in a court of justice where, as in a patent case, some great issue depends on the question whether certain ideas had first been enunciated by the author of Genesis or the author of the *Avesta*; suppose him subjected to a cross-examination by a brow-beating lawyer, whose business it is to disbelieve and make others disbelieve every assertion that the witness makes, and we are afraid the learned Professor would break down completely. Now it may be said that this is not the spirit in which learned inquiries should be treated—that authors have a right to a certain respect, and may reckon on a certain amount of willingness on the part of their readers. Such a plea may, perhaps, be urged when all preliminary questions in a contest have been settled, when all the evidence has been proved to lie in one direction, and when even the most obstinate among the gentlemen

of the jury feel that the verdict is as good as settled. But in a question like this, where everything is doubtful, or, we should rather say, where all the prepossessions are against the view which Dr. Spiegel upholds, it is absolutely necessary for a new witness to be armed from top to toe, to lay himself open to no attack, to measure his words, and advance step by step in a straight line to the point that has to be reached. A writer like Dr. Spiegel should know that he can expect no mercy; nay, he should himself wish for no mercy, but invite the heaviest artillery against the floating battery which he has launched into the troubled waters of Biblical criticism. If he feels that his case is not strong enough, the wisest plan surely is to wait, to accumulate new strength if possible, or, if no new evidence is forthcoming, to acknowledge openly that there is no case.

M. Bréal—who, in his excellent Essay *Hercule et Cacus*, has lately treated the same problem, the influence of Persian ideas on the writers of the Old Testament—gives an excellent example how a case of this kind should be argued. He begins with the apocryphal books, and he shows that the name of an evil spirit like *Asmodeus*, which occurs in *Tobit*, could be borrowed from Persia only. It is a name inexplicable in Hebrew, and it represents very closely the Parsee *Eshem-dev*, the Zend *Aishma daëva*, the spirit of concupiscence, mentioned several times in the *Avesta* (*Vendidad*, c. 10.) as one of the *devs*, or evil spirits. Now this is the kind of evidence we want for the Old Testament. We can easily discover a French word in English, nor is it difficult to tell a Persian word in Hebrew. Are there any Persian words in Genesis, words of the same kind as *Asmodeus* in *Tobit*? No such evidence has been brought forward, and the only words we can think of which, if not Persian, may be considered of Aryan origin, are the names of such rivers as *Tigris* and *Euphrates*; and of countries such as *Ophir* and *Havilah* among the descendants of *Shem*, *Javan*, *Meshech*, and others among the descendants of *Japhet*. These names are probably foreign names and as such naturally mentioned by the author of Genesis in their foreign form. If there are other words of Aryan or Iranian origin in Genesis, they ought to have occupied the most prominent place in Dr. Spiegel's pleading.

We now proceed, and we are again quite willing to admit that, even without the presence of Persian words, the presence of Persian ideas might be detected by careful analysis. No doubt this is a much more delicate process, yet, as we can discover Jewish and Christian ideas in the Koran, there ought to be no insurmountable difficulty in pointing out any Persian ingredients, however disguised and assimilated, in Genesis. Only, before we look for such ideas, it is necessary to show the channel through which they could possibly have flowed either from the *Avesta* into Genesis, or from Genesis into the *Avesta*. History shows us clearly how Persian words and ideas could have found their way into such late works as *Tobit*, or even into the book of Daniel, who prospered in the reign of Darius, and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian. But how did Persians and Jews come in contact, previously to the age of Cyrus? Dr. Spiegel says that Zoroaster was born in *Arran*. This name is given by mediæval Mohammedan writers to the plain washed by the *Araxes*, and was identified by Anquetil Duperron with the name *Airyana vaëja*, which the *Zendavesta* gives to the first created land of Ormuzd. The Parsis place this sacred country in the vicinity of *Atropatene*, and it is clearly meant as the northernmost country known to the author or authors of the *Zendavesta*. We think that Dr. Spiegel is right in defending the geographical position assigned by tradition to *Airyana vaëja*, against modern theories that would place it more eastward in the plain of *Pamer*, nor do we hesitate to admit that the name (*Airyana vaëja*, i. e. the seed of the Aryan) might have been changed into *Arran*. We likewise acknowledge the force of the arguments by which he shows that the books now called *Zendavesta* were composed in the Eastern, and not in the Western, provinces of the Persian monarchy, though we are hardly prepared to subscribe at once to his conclusion (p. 270) that, because Zoroaster is placed by the *Avesta* and by later traditions in *Arran*, or the Western provinces, he could not possibly be the author of the *Avesta*, a literary production which would appear to belong exclusively to the Eastern provinces. The very tradition to which Dr. Spiegel appeals represents Zoroaster as migrating from *Arran* to *Balkh*, to the court of *Gustasp*, the son of *Lohrasp*; and, as one tradition has as much value as another, we might well admit that the work of Zoroaster as a religious teacher began in *Balkh*, and from thence extended still further East. But admitting that *Arran*, the country washed by the *Araxes*, was the birthplace of Zoroaster, can we possibly follow Dr. Spiegel when he says, *Arran* seems to be identical with *Haran*, the birthplace of *Abraham*? Does he mean the names to be identical? Then how is the aspirate to be explained? how is it to be explained that the mediæval corruption of *Airyana vaëja*, namely *Arran*, should appear in Genesis? And if the similarity of the two names is waived, is it possible in two lines to settle the much contested situation of *Haran*, and thus to determine the ancient watershed between the Semitic and Aryan nations? The Abbé Banier, more than a hundred years ago, pointed out that *Haran*, whither Abraham repaired, was the metropolis of *Sabiam*, and that *Magism* was practised in *Ur* of the Chaldees (*Mythology, explained by History*, vol. i. book iii. cap. 3). But having thus, as he believes, established the most ancient meeting-point between *Abraham* and *Zoroaster*, Dr. Spiegel proceeds to argue that whatever ideas are shared in common by Genesis and the *Avesta* must be referred to that very

ancient period when personal intercourse was still possible between Abraham and Zoroaster, the prophets of the Jews and the Iranians. Now, here the counsel for the defence would remind Dr. Spiegel that Genesis was not the work of Abraham, nor, according to Dr. Spiegel's view, was Zoroaster the author of the Zendavesta; and that therefore the neighbourly intercourse between Zoroaster and Abraham in the country of Arran had nothing to do with the ideas shared in common by Genesis and the Avesta. But even if we admitted, for argument's sake, that as Dr. Spiegel puts it, the Avesta contains Zoroastrian and Genesis Abrahamic ideas, surely there was ample opportunity for Jewish ideas to find admission into what we call the Avesta, or for Iranian ideas to find admission into Genesis, after the date of Abraham and Zoroaster, and before the time when we find the first MSS. of Genesis and the Avesta. The Zend MSS. of the Avesta are very modern, so are the Hebrew MSS. of Genesis, which do not carry us beyond the tenth century after Christ. The text of the Avesta, however, can be checked by the Pehlevi translation, which was made under the Sassanian dynasty (226-651 A.D.), just as the text of Genesis can be checked by the Septuagint translation, which was made in the third century before Christ. Now, it is known that about the same time and in the same place—namely, at Alexandria—where the Old Testament was rendered into Greek, the Avesta also was translated into the same language, so that we have at Alexandria in the third century B.C. a well established historical contact between the believers in Genesis and the believers in the Avesta, and an easy opening for that exchange of ideas which, according to Dr. Spiegel, could have taken place nowhere but in Arran, and at the time of Abraham and Zoroaster. It might be objected that this was wrangling for victory, and not arguing for truth, and that no real scholar would admit that the Avesta, in its original form, did not go back to a much earlier date than the third century before Christ. Yet, when such a general principle is to be laid down, that all that Genesis and Avesta share in common must belong to a time before Abraham had started for Canaan, and Zoroaster for Balkh, other possible means of later intercourse should surely not be entirely lost sight of.

For what happens? The very first tradition that is brought forward as one shared in common by these two works—namely, that of the Four Ages of the World—is confessedly found in the later writings only of the Persians, and cannot be traced back in its definite shape beyond the time of the Sassanians (p. 275). Indications of it are said to be found in the earlier writings, but these indications are extremely vague. But we must advance a step further, and, after reading very carefully the three pages devoted to this subject by Dr. Spiegel, we must confess we see no similarity whatever on this point between Genesis and the Avesta. In Genesis, the Four Ages have never assumed the form of a theory, as in India, Persia, or perhaps in Greece. If we say that the period from Adam to Noah is the first, that from Noah to Abraham the second, that from Abraham to the death of Jacob the third, that beginning with the exile in Egypt the fourth, we are transferring our ideas to Genesis, but we cannot say that the writer of Genesis himself ever laid any stress on this fourfold division. The Persians, on the contrary, have a definite system. According to them the world is to last 12,000 years. During the first period of 3,000 years the world was created. During the second period *Gayo-maratan*, the first man lived by himself, without suffering from the attacks of evil. During the third period of 3,000 years the war between good and evil, between Ormuzd and Ahriman, began with the utmost fierceness; and it will gradually abate during the fourth period of 3,000 years, which is still to elapse before the final victory of good. Where here is the similarity between Genesis and the Avesta? We are referred by Dr. Spiegel to Dr. Windischmann's *Zoroastrian Studies*, and to his discovery that there are ten generations between Adam and Noah, as there are ten generations between Yima and Thraetaona; that there are twelve generations between Shem and Isaac, as there are twelve between Thraetaona and Manuschitra; and that there are thirteen generations between Isaac and David, as there are thirteen between Manuschitra and Zarathustra. What has the learned counsel for the defence to say to this? First, that Dr. Spiegel puts Shem by mistake for Noah. Secondly, that Yima, whom he identifies with Adam, is never represented in the Avesta as the first man, but is preceded there by numerous ancestors, and surrounded by numerous subjects, who are not his offspring. Thirdly, that in order to establish in Genesis three periods of ten, twelve, and thirteen generations, it is necessary to count Isaac, who clearly belongs to the third, as a member of the second, so that in reality the number of generations is the same, in one only out of the three periods, which surely proves nothing. As to any similarity between the four Yugas of the Brahmans and the four ages of the Persians, we can only say that, if it exists, no one has as yet brought it out. The Greeks, again, who are likewise said to share the primitive doctrine of the Four Ages, believe in five, and not in four ages, and separate them in a manner which does not in the least remind us of Hindu Yugas, Hebrew patriarchs, or the battle between Ormuzd and Ahriman.

We proceed to a second point—the Creation as related in Genesis and the Avesta. Here we find some curious coincidences. The world is created in six days in Genesis, and in six periods in the Avesta, which six periods together form one year. In Genesis the creation ends with the creation of man, so it does in the Avesta. On all other points Dr. Spiegel says the two accounts differ, but

they are said to agree again in the temptation and fall. As Dr. Spiegel has not given the details of the temptation and fall from the Avesta, we cannot judge of the points which he considers to be borrowed by the Jews from the Persians; but if we consult M. Bréal, who has treated the same subject more fully in his *Hercule et Cacus*, we find there no more than this, that the Dualism of the Avesta, the struggle between Ormuzd and Ahriman, or the principles of light and darkness, is to be considered as the distant reflex of the grand struggle between Indra, the god of the sky, and Vritra, the demon of night and darkness, which forms the constant burden of the hymns of the Rig-Veda. In this view there is some truth, but we doubt whether it fully exhibits the vital principle of the Zoroastrian religion, which is founded on a solemn protest against the whole worship of the powers of nature invoked in the Vedas, and on the recognition of one supreme power, the God of Light, in every sense of the word—the spirit *Ahura*, who created the world and rules it, and defends it against the power of evil. That power of evil, which in the most ancient portions of the Avesta has not yet received the name of Ahriman (i.e. *angro mainyus*), may afterwards have assumed some of the epithets which in an earlier period were bestowed on Vritra and other enemies of the bright gods, and among them, it may have assumed the name of serpent. But does it follow, because the principle of evil in the Avesta is called serpent, or *azi dahaka*, that therefore the serpent mentioned in the third chapter of Genesis must be borrowed from Persia? Neither in the Veda nor in the Avesta does the serpent ever assume that subtle and insinuating form as in Genesis; and the curse pronounced on it, “to be cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field,” is not in keeping with the relation of Vritra to Indra, or Ahriman to Ormuzd, who face each other almost as equals. In later books, such as 1 Chronicles xxi. 1, where Satan is mentioned as provoking David to number Israel (the very same provocation which in 2 Samuel xxiv. 1 is ascribed to the anger of the Lord moving David to number Israel and Judah), and in all the passages of the New Testament where the power of evil is spoken of as a person, we may admit the influence of Persian ideas and Persian expressions, though even here strict proof is by no means easy. As to the serpent in Paradise, it is a conception that might have sprung up among the Jews as well as among the Brahmans; and the serpent that beguiled Eve seems hardly to invite comparison with the much grander conceptions of the terrible power of Vritra and Ahriman in the Veda and Avesta. Dr. Spiegel next discusses the similarity between the Garden of Eden and the Paradise of the Zoroastrians, and though he admits that here again he relies chiefly on the *Bundehesh*, a work of the Sassanian period, he maintains that that work may well be compared with Genesis, because it contains none but really ancient traditions. We do not for a moment deny that this may be so, but in a case like the present, where everything depends on exact dates, we decline to listen to such a plea. We value Dr. Spiegel's translations from the *Bundehesh* most highly, and we believe with him (p. 283) that there is little doubt as to the *Pishon* being the Indus, and the *Gihon* the Jaxartes. The identification, too, of the Persian river-name *Ragha* (the Vedic *Rasā*) with the *Araxes*, the name given by Herodotus (i. 202) to the *Jaxartes*, seems very ingenious. But we should still like to know why and in what language the Indus was first called *Pishon*, and the Jaxartes, or, it may be, the Oxus, *Gihon*.

We next come to the two trees in the garden of Eden, the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. Dr. Windischmann has shown that the Iranians, too, were acquainted with two trees, one called *Gaokerena*, bearing the white *Haoma*, the other called the Painless tree. We are told first that these two trees are the same as the one fig tree out of which the Indians believe the world to have been created. Now, first of all, the Indians believed no such thing, and secondly there is the same difference between one and two trees as there is between North and South. But we confess that until we know a good deal more about these two trees of the Iranians, we feel no inclination whatever to compare the painless tree with the tree of knowledge of good and evil, though admitting that the white *Haoma* tree might remind us of the tree of life, considering that *Haoma*, as well as the Indian *Soma*, was supposed to give immortality to those who drank its juice. We likewise consider the comparison of the Cherubim who keep the way of the tree of life with the guardians of the *Soma* in the Veda and Avesta, as deserving attention, and we should like to see the etymological derivation of Cherubim from *ḫubrak*, *Greif*, and of *Seraphim* from the Sanskrit *sarpa*, serpents, either confirmed or refuted.

The Deluge is not mentioned in the sacred writings of the Zoroastrians, nor in the hymns of the Rig-Veda. It is mentioned in one of the latest Brāhmanas, and the carefully balanced arguments of Burnouf, who considered the tradition of the Deluge as borrowed by the Indians from Semitic neighbours, seem to us to be strengthened, rather than weakened, by the isolated appearance of the story of the Deluge in this one passage out of the whole of the Vedic literature.

That Noah's ark rested upon the mountain of Ararat, and that Ararat may admit of a Persian etymology, is nothing to the point. The etymology itself is ingenious, but no more. The same remark applies to all the rest of Dr. Spiegel's arguments. Thraetaona, who has before been compared with Noah, divided his land among his three sons, and gave *Iran* to the youngest—an injustice which exasperated his brothers, who murdered him. Now it is true

that Noah, too, had three sons, but here the similarity ends; for that Terach had three sons, and that one of them only, Abram, took possession of the land of promise, and that of the two sons of Isaac, the youngest became the heir, is again of no consequence for our immediate purpose, though it may remind Dr. Spiegel and others of the history of Thraetaona. We agree with Dr. Spiegel, that Zoroaster's character resembles most closely the true Semitic notion of a prophet. He is considered worthy of personal intercourse with Ormuzd; he receives from Ormuzd every word, though not, as Dr. Spiegel says, every letter of the law. But if Zoroaster was a real character, so was Abraham, and their being like each other proves in no way that they lived in the same place, or at the same time, or that they borrowed aught one from the other. What Dr. Spiegel says of the Persian name of the Deity, *Ahura*, is wrong. *Ahura*, he says, as well as *ahu*, means lord, and must be traced back to the root *ah*, the Sanskrit *as*, which means to be, so that *Ahura* means the same as *Jahve*, he who is. The root *as* no doubt means to be, but it has that meaning because it originally meant to breathe. From it, in its original sense of breathing, the Hindus formed *asu*, breath, and *asura*, the name of God, whether it meant the breathing one, or the giver of breath. This *asura* became in Zend *Ahura*, and if it assumed the meaning of Lord, this is as much a secondary meaning as the meaning of demon or evil spirit which *asura* assumed in the later Sanskrit of the Brâhmanas.

After this, Dr. Spiegel proceeds to sum up his evidence. He has no more to say, and believes that he has proved the following points:—a very early intercourse between Shemitic and Aryan nations; a common belief shared by both in a paradise situated near the sources of Oxus and Jaxartes; the dwelling together of Abraham and Zoroaster in Haran, Arran, or Airyana vaêja. Shemitic and Aryan nations, he tells us, still live together in those parts of the world, and so it was from the beginning. As the form of the Jewish traditions comes nearer to the Persian than to the Indian traditions, we are asked to believe that these two races lived in the closest contact before they started from this ancient hearth of civilisation towards the West and the East—that is to say, before Abraham migrated to Canaan, and before India was peopled by the Brahmins.

We have given a fair account of Dr. Spiegel's arguments, and we confess that we should have hailed with equal pleasure any solid facts by which to establish either the dependence of Genesis on the Zendavesta, or the dependence of the Zendavesta on Genesis. It would be absurd to resist facts when facts exist, nor can we imagine any reason why, if Abraham came into personal contact with Zoroaster, the Jewish patriarch should have learnt nothing from the Iranian prophet, or *vice versa*. If such an intercourse could be established, it would but serve to strengthen the historical character of the books of the Old Testament, and would be worth more than all the elaborate theories that have been started on the purely miraculous origin of these books. But though we by no means despair that some more tangible points may yet be discovered which the Old Testament shares in common with the Zendavesta, we must protest against having so interesting and so important a matter handled in such an unbusinesslike manner.

MR. KINGSLEY'S ROMAN AND TEUTON.*

OF all the strange appointments ever made, that which turned Mr. Kingsley into a Professor of History seemed at the time to be the very strangest. There have been other appointments of the sort at which men have stared, but none surely to equal this. Other Professors, whether competent or incompetent, had at least some outward and visible connexion with the subjects which they undertook to teach. They had written books about those subjects, or had acted as teachers of them in some other form. But the appointment of Mr. Kingsley seemed a mere inexplicable freak. There was apparently no more reason why he should be made a Professor of History than why he should be set to command the Channel Fleet. The University of Cambridge had produced more than one living historian of high rank; why were they all passed by in favour of one whom no one had ever connected with historical learning at all? The thing seemed a joke. Everybody knew Mr. Kingsley—a clever, impulsive, one-sided writer of popular literature, the apostle of Muscular Christianity, able beyond all doubt to tell a story, able to catch at a mistake or a half-truth and preach it out vigorously, but utterly devoid of every quality needed in the historical inquirer. Nobody suspected him of the requisite learning, still less of the requisite frame of mind. The learning might possibly be gained, though it seemed rather late to begin; but the inherent defects of the mind seemed unconquerable. Impulsive and excitable, Mr. Kingsley appeared incapable of those judicial functions of the historian which require him to enter equally into two sides of a story, and to give an unbiased judgment between them. Men knew him for a hasty and reckless writer. Nobody questioned his sincerity; he meant no doubt all that he said; but nobody supposed him capable of reasoning, nobody supposed him capable of intellectually discerning between truth and falsehood. His nearest approach to historical writing had been the novel of *Hypatia*, for which, as

a novel, hardly any praise seemed too high. The characters, the descriptions, the general narrative, were, as parts of a romance, of the highest order. But *Hypatia* alone seemed quite enough to show Mr. Kingsley's utter unfitness for anything like historical investigation. The daring liberties taken with the story were enough to warrant the judgment that he really did not know what historic truth and falsehood meant. Many who admired the story had no idea that the grand schemes attributed to Orestes and Hypatia were purely Mr. Kingsley's invention, and every one might not see the reckless sporting with facts involved in drawing Goths of the fifth century after the pattern of Danes of the ninth or tenth. The Professor entered upon his duties with an Inaugural Lecture which was incomparably better than anybody could have expected. Though not free from the weaknesses and extravagances of the author, it was, in the main, a useful protest against a popular and dangerous error. Since then we had heard little of the Professor as Professor; we had smiled at one or two wild letters in the *Times*, and we had laughed our laugh at seeing the unfortunate champion of Protestant truth spin round and round like a cockchafer in the strong grasp of the Roman giant. Professor Kingsley has hardly had time to be healed of the wounds given him by Dr. Newman, when he puts forth, perhaps to console himself, a volume of his Professorial lectures at Cambridge. We have done our best to judge of them as seriously and as impartially as we could do at so unlucky a moment. The result of our inquiry is that the lectures, looked at as University Lectures, are surely the strangest compositions ever laid before an academical audience. Looked at more in themselves, we never saw different parts of the same book more unequal. Some parts are decidedly better—both fairer and more thoughtful—than we should have thought Mr. Kingsley was capable of writing. In others, again, all his faults of matter and style are aggravated a hundredfold. Mr. Kingsley once could, and still can by an effort, write good sense and good English; but there are pages on pages of these Lectures which are simply rant and nonsense—history, in short, brought down to the lowest level of the sensation novelist.

Mr. Kingsley, in fact, as an historical Professor, found himself in a post for which he had no sort of qualifications. He has since evidently been doing his best to qualify himself. This volume shows signs of reading, and of reading in the right books, within the limits of the time with which it professes to deal. Mr. Kingsley has evidently gone and got up those original writers who seemed most to bear on the centuries which he proposed to talk about. But it is equally clear that everything beyond those few centuries is a perfect blank to him. Of general European history he plainly knows nothing. When he gets near the end of his tether, we soon find this out. And again, though no man can treat history rightly without going to original sources, it does not follow that every man who goes to original sources is therefore able to treat history. Some men read a great deal, and can make no use of what they read, out of sheer stupidity; they are like Amrou's "donkey laden with books which he does not understand." Now Mr. Kingsley is anything but a stupid man, but he is just as incapable as a stupid man of using his books in the right way. We do not think that he is an uncandid man, but he is just as incapable of pronouncing a fair judgment as an uncandid man. There is a natural twist about his mind, as about his style, which effectually incapacitates him as a teacher or a learner of history. He is so impulsive, so excitable, so apt to start off at a moment's notice, so incapable of seeing two sides to a question, so fond of silly preaching and moralising, that, though neither stupid nor intentionally unfair, he is as unfit for the duty which he has undertaken as if he were the stupidest and unfairlest of men.

Through the whole series of Lectures we never get rid of the old vein of the novelist and talker about things in general. Mr. Kingsley, as becomes a Muscular Christian, is throughout frightfully in earnest, but, after the Inaugural Lecture, he is never once decently serious. He cannot understand that history is a grave matter, to be dealt with in a grave fashion. He cannot understand that nations, their rulers, and their destinies, are to be treated of in a different sort from water-babies or discontented tailors. The very title of the book is enough—"The Roman and the Teuton"—anybody would take it for the title of a novel, or at most of a flashy book of travels. And the titles of the Lectures are of the same sort, just like the titles of the chapters in a sensation novel. "The Forest Children," "The Dying Empire," "The Human Deluge," "The Nemesis of the Goths," "The Strategy of Providence"—we wonder whether all this rubbish was really stuck upon the University notice-boards. And so in the Lectures themselves we have all the little affectations and tricks of style, the disjointed way of writing, the long sentences and the short sentences, and all the queerinesses of manner and matter which we have learned to identify with Mr. Kingsley and his school. Large parts, indeed, are far worse than anything that he ever wrote before. We do not remember that Mr. Kingsley, in any of his earlier writings, ever reminded us of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Mr. Dixon, it may be remembered, wrote a *Life of Lord Bacon*, from which among other peculiarities, the historical tenses were excluded. As Tryphiodorus shut out all the letters of the alphabet in turn from his poems, so Mr. Dixon shut out all imperfects, aorists, and pluperfects from the life of the immaculate Chancellor. Mr. Kingsley in several places adopts this style, and with it its peculiar effect—that of a man in a desperate hurry, gasping for breath. Here is a grand specimen:—

* *The Roman and the Teuton*. A Series of Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge. By Charles Kingsley, M.A. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

The foot are cut down flying. The knights ride for their lives. Totila and five horsemen are caught up by Asbad the Gepid chief. Asbad puts his lance in rest, not knowing who was before him. "Dog," cries Totila's page, "wilt thou strike thy lord?" But it is too late. Asbad's lance goes through his back, and he drops on his horse's neck. Scipwar (Ship-ward) the Goth wounds Asbad, and falls wounded himself. The rest carry off Totila. He dies that night, after reigning eleven stormy years.

The Goths flee across the Po. There is one more struggle for life, and one more hero left. Teia by name, "the slow one," slow, but strong. He shall be king now. They lift him on the shield, and gather round him desperate, but determined to die hard. He finds the treasure of Totila, hid in Pisa. He sends to Theudebald and his Franks. Will they help him against the Roman, and they shall have the treasure; the last remnant of the Nibelungen hoard. No. The Luegenfelden will not come. They will stand by and see the butchery, on the chance of getting all Italy for themselves. Narses storms Rome—or rather a little part of it round Hadrian's Mole, which the Goths had fortified; and the Goths escape down into Campania, mad with rage.

Mr. Kingsley is a novelist; he is used to describe scenes minutely, and he has often described them very well. Now in describing a particular scene—say a particular battle—the use of the present and perfect instead of the aorist and pluperfect is often very effective. A number of details are brought together, a picture in short is drawn, and the use of the present tense makes the effect more vivid. But this style does not do for describing any considerable portion of history; it may do for a battle, but it will not do for a campaign. Instead of giving a clearer idea, it gives only a more confused one. It reduces the whole story to a sort of spasmodic gasping.

It seems singular, at first sight, that where Mr. Kingsley, who certainly used to be able to tell a story, breaks down most completely, is in the narrative portion of his lectures. Some of the others, especially the one headed "The Monk a Civilizer," are of a much higher character. Of course even these are full of Mr. Kingsley's oddities. He does not, even here, write as a sober historian would write; still the style is much less extravagant than elsewhere, and there is a visible attempt, and something more than an attempt, to be fair. He has a generous heart at the bottom, and here it shows itself. We do not know that even these better lectures contain anything which we have not seen said before, and better said before; still it is something to have it said by Mr. Kingsley, it is something to see Muscular Christianity trying to do justice to the system most opposite to itself. But in the more purely narrative lectures, those most distinctively devoted to "the Roman and the Teuton," all is pure rant. Mr. Kingsley is such a Teutonic enthusiast that we think he must be himself sprung of other than Teutonic blood. This is a very common phenomenon. The fiercest Hellenists in the Ionian Islands bear Venetian names; the fiercest assertors of Welsh nationality are English ladies settled in the border counties. We do not know Mr. Kingsley's pedigree; but, when we see that the words "Teuton," "Goth," "Lombard," are enough at once to put him into a fine frenzy, we begin to think he must be a Roman or a Celt in disguise. Mr. Kingsley, as one can see by his other writings, has been dreaming about Goths, Amals, Nibelungs, and so forth, all his days; here was the golden opportunity to let off all possible talk about them before the astonished University of Cambridge. One would have thought it impossible, if one had not seen it printed in a book, that a Professor in an English University could begin a series of historical lectures by a parable about Trolls and Forest Children—how the Trolls tempt the Forest Children into the Troll-garden, and there teach them all manner of naughtiness. The story would be pretty enough to put in a penny book and give to a "land-baby," and, for aught we know, it may be suited to the intellect of poetic tailors and philosophic gamekeepers, but it is simply insulting to put forth stuff of this sort to an assembly of academic hearers of any age. In the next Lecture he treats his company to a long extract from a book called "the Fall of Rome and the Rise of New Nationalities"—a book which we do not know, but which, by the specimen here given, must be very queer. There is something funny, at starting, in seeing the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford quoted at second-hand by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and obligingly patted on the back by the title of "that gentleman." But it is queerer when we are told, by way of a parallel to the state of things at Rome, how "the armed force of the capital are of course masters of the situation, and the Guards, after a tumultuous meeting at Windsor or Knightsbridge, have sold the throne to Baron Rothschild for a handsome donative of 25*l.* a-piece." Going on a little further we read:—

N'importe—Vive la bagatelle! Mario has just been appointed Prime Minister, and has made a chorus singer from the Opera Duke of Middlesex and Governor-General of India. All wise men and all good men despair of the state, but they are not permitted to say anything, much less to act. Mr. Disraeli lost his head a few days ago; Lord Palmerston and Derby lie in the Tower under sentence of death; Lord Brougham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Gladstone opened their veins and died in a warm bath last week.

All this stuff has some sort of truth as a parallel, but this is surely not the way to teach history, not the way to address an academical audience. Mr. Kingsley, however, reads all this out with great delight, and adds some more of his own:—

I must add yet one more feature to this fearful, but accurate picture, and say how, a few generations forward, an even uglier thing would be seen. The English aristocracy would have been absorbed by foreign adventurers. The grandchildren of these slaves and mercenaries would be holding the highest offices in the state and the army, naming themselves after the masters who had freed them, or disguising their barbarian names by English endings. The De Fung-Chowvilles would be Dukes, the Little grizzly-bear-Joe-Smiths Earls, and the Fitz-Stanleysons, descended from a king of the gipsies who

enlisted to avoid transportation, and in due time became Commander-in-Chief, would rule at Knowsley in place of the Earl of Derby, having inherited the same by the summary process of assassination.

After this it is a relief to turn to passages which contain nothing worse than Mr. Kingsley's gasping style of narrative:—

Then he sends to Justinian. He shall withdraw his army from Italy, and make peace with him. He will be his ally and his son in arms, as Dietrich had been to the Emperors before him, or if not, he will kill the senate, destroy Rome, and march into Illyricum.

Justinian leaves it to Belisarius.

Then Totila begins to destroy Rome. He batters down the walls, he is ready to burn the town. He will turn the evil place into a sheep-pasture. Belisarius flatters and cajoles him from his purpose, and he marches away with all his captives, leaving not a living soul in Rome.

We never could understand the emphasis which is supposed to lurk in these disjointed paragraphs and sentences. Why should the words "Justinian leaves it to Belisarius" be printed in a line by themselves? Why should Mr. Kingsley in other places give us "Yes," "But more," "To colonize," as whole sentences with full stops after them? A sentence without a verb in it seems now-a-days to be thought more striking for the want. Perhaps the ban put on certain tenses of which we spoke before is only the first step towards getting rid of verbs altogether.

The oddest form which Mr. Kingsley's ultra-Teutonism takes is that of substituting modern German forms for real Gothic ones. The name of Theodoric will not do, and Mr. Kingsley always calls him *Dietrich*. Perhaps he thought that Theodoric was a Greek name—to be sure it sounds unpleasantly like Theodosius—while Dietrich of Bern, straight out of the Nibelungen Lied, must be the very pink of all Teutonism. But we venture to think that the King of the Goths knew his own name better than the Cambridge Professor knows it. Theodoric was a stout Goth who could sound his letter *Thorn*; and you have nothing to do but to strike out the intruding *o* and write *Theodric*, and you have the real name, good Gothic and withal good English. *Dietrich* of course is a much later form, which could only have arisen when people had begun to leave off sounding all their letters. To call him *Dietrich* is really only one degree less foolish than to call him *Thierry*. This modernization seems somehow to be looked on by Mr. Kingsley as a special compliment to the great man. Smaller people, Theodemirs and Theodeberts, are allowed to retain their Gothic forms, though surely it would be a grand thing to call Theodemir *Dietmar* or *Dithmar*, and so show that you have read the Chronicle of Merseburg as well as the Lay of the Nibelungs.

If a Gothic King is not Teutonic enough by the name by which he called himself, no wonder that a Roman Emperor needs some dressing up to make him proper company. Caesar Augustus, Emperor Caesar Flavius, whatever he may be, becomes in Mr. Kingsley's dialect "the Kaiser," from what motive we cannot guess, as we could have taken for granted, without such a proof, that the Professor knew something of modern High-German. Neither can we guess why Constantinople should be called "Byzant," or why "Sicamber" should be spelled "Secamber." The Cimbr and Teutones become the "Kempers and Teutons." This of course assumes that "Cimbri" is the same word as the modern German *Kämpfer*, Old-English *Cempa*. So it very likely may be; but Mr. Kingsley can have no right to assume it in this way. What would Mr. Kingsley say to a Welshman who should call them the "Cymry and Teutones," which he would have quite as much right to do?

Particular blunders are not so common with Mr. Kingsley as with some other writers, because his way of talking is so wild and vague that the greater part of it cannot be said to be either accurate or inaccurate. But it is perfectly clear that he knows nothing of general European history. He may have read something of it, but the twist of his mind hinders him from understanding it. Of course, with his ultra-Teutonism, the great fact of the permanence of the Roman Empire is quite beyond him; the teaching of Mr. Finlay and Sir Francis Palgrave is thrown away upon a talker about Kempers and Nibelungen hoards. Of course with him the Roman Empire ended in 476. Augustulus is, over and over again, "the last Emperor of Rome" in some marked way. Now we do not exactly know what this means. "Emperor of Rome" was never the formal title of any man, and the Emperor of the fifth century had lost all local connexion with Rome. Odoacer and Theodoric, formally Lieutenants of the Eastern Caesar, are with him of course "Kings of Italy," a title which we cannot find that they ever bore. Gibbon has put forth as plainly as may be the fact that what we call the Fall of the Western Empire was, formally, its reunion to the Eastern. His words are express. He quotes the decree of the Senate, declaring that "the majesty of a sole monarch is sufficient to pervade and protect, at the same time, both the East and the West," that they "consent that the seat of universal empire shall be transferred from Rome to Constantinople," and that "they request the Emperor to invest Odoacer with the title of Patrician and the administration of the diocese of Italy." It is odd to see how Mr. Kingsley perverts this:—

Whereon Odoacer made Romulus Augustulus and the Roman Senate write to Zeno that they wanted no Emperor save him at Constantinople; that they were very happy under the excellent Odoacer, and that they therefore sent to Zeno, as the rightful owner, all the Imperial insignia and ornaments; things which may have been worn, some of them, by Augustus himself. And so ended, even in name, the Empire of Rome.

Of Byzantine history Mr. Kingsley has clearly no notion whatever. He has a fancy that the Saracens did Christendom good by weakening the Eastern Empire; we suppose that if Leo the Isaurian had been unsuccessful, it would have been all the better. In truth, the Saracens did not weaken the Eastern Empire; they relieved it of certain distant provinces, and by so relieving it, gave it a strength and life which it had not before. And, to come to a point nearer home, we cannot make out whether Mr. Kingsley knows or does not know that the Karlings were Germans. Sometimes it seems as if he did, sometimes as if he did not. The man who thinks it necessary to call Theodorich Dietrich degrades Pippin into "*Pepin le Bref*," and the Great Karl into Charlemagne. Their realm is "France," their armies are "French armies":—"And so [under Pippin and Charles] by French armies—not for the last time—was the Pope *propt* [sic] on his ill-gotten throne." It is indeed a sight to see, when the ultra-Teutonic champion, the man who calls Justinian the "Kaiser," identifies the *Franken* of the Great Charles with the *Français* of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte.

This, we think, is enough. Mr. Kingsley is a clever man, a warm-hearted man, and an honest man; but of all men living he is the least qualified to undertake the work of an historian or an historical Professor. He confesses that his Lectures "are not, in the popular sense, history at all," and it is beyond our power to find out any more esoteric or recondite sense in which they deserve the name.

NOTES OF A CRUISE IN H.M.S. *FAWN*.*

IN the absence of any preface to this narrative, the object of the expedition which it records, its date, and the capacity in which the writer accompanied it are all circumstances more or less involved in obscurity. The cruise, however, appears to have been undertaken for the semi-official purpose of protecting the interests of the white settler, and strengthening the executive of the remote islands of the Pacific by the presence of a ship of war duly equipped with guns and rocket-tubes. With reference to the second point—although Mr. Hood informs us in the first page of the volume that H.M.S. *Fawn* steamed out of Sydney Harbour at 2 P. M. on Wednesday the 7th of May—it is only from the very last page that we ascertain the year in question to have been 1862, unless the title-page is to be considered as forming a portion of the narrative. On the subject of the third point, Mr. Hood volunteers no information whatever, and we can only hazard a guess that he was probably one of the officers in charge of the vessel. Assuming this to be the case, the reader may perhaps be content to accept this volume as the notebook of a sailor, and the fact will be the best apology for its shortcomings. As far as it goes, it gives an interesting and tolerably straightforward account of places seldom visited except by the missionary and trader—information which is all the more valuable from the fact that missionary narratives are seldom framed with due regard to the maxim, *surtout point de zèle*, which last-named quality, imported into matters of description, is rarely consistent with accuracy. As the merits of a work of this kind depend on its being the result of the author's personal experience, Mr. Hood would, we think, have produced a shorter and a better book, had he avoided the introduction of matter which, if not absolutely foreign to his subject, is obviously a mere compilation from what others have said about it. What he has to tell us, for instance, about the Fijians is subject to the drawback that the writer apparently never set foot among them. Half his concluding chapter on Norfolk Island is simple matter of extract, and the same observation is equally applicable to an elaborate account of the ruins of Ponsapi, which is seemingly borrowed from a Honolulu newspaper.

Nieu was sighted by the *Fawn*, in lat. 19° 8' South, and long. 169° 44' West, on the 4th of June following the date of her departure from Sydney. This island was long held in dread by navigators, from the fact that any stranger who attempted to land there was incontinently knocked on the head by the natives, in their dread of infection from the sailing gods, as they termed foreigners, and the precaution is one which appears not to have been altogether unnecessary. There are tribes on the Amazon among whom the presence of the white man is said to be the sure forerunner of consumption in its most malignant form, and measles and dysentery seem to have proved equally fatal to the Nieuan under similar circumstances. The island itself is an upraised coral platform, forty miles in circumference, with a population which, since the repression of infanticide, has increased to about 5,000 inhabitants. An English mission was established there about ten months before the arrival of the *Fawn*; but Samoan native teachers had previously effected improvements which were not confined to the morality of their proselytes. Among these the construction of roads through the agency of penal labour, and the introduction of pigs where mice had before been the sole quadrupeds, may be quoted as secular reformatations of no mean importance.

The Samoan group lies about 300 miles north of Nieu, and consists of eight islands. Of these, Manua, Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii were successively visited by the *Fawn*. Upolu, the largest and westernmost, is also the most beautiful and thickly populated. Tutuila is remarkable as the scene of the melancholy fate of La Perouse. The native appellation of Samoa extends to the entire cluster included in the European designation of "Navigator's

Islands." Its origin is unquestionably volcanic, and the surrounding coral reefs form an enchanted circle unbroken by the mighty surf of the Pacific. The existence of this barrier, according to Mr. Darwin's theory, proves the gradual subsidence of the land on which it is based. The natives are the Vikings of the Polynesian ocean, their skill in navigation being unsurpassed excepting by that of the more adventurous race of Tonga. Since the commencement of the London Missionary Society's operations in 1830 the group has formed a favourite *point d'appui* of missionary enterprise. Mr. Hood seems to imply that the natives, whose contributions amount to 1,200*l.* per annum, deal more liberally with the Society than the Society with its servants. It certainly appears a hardship that the pay of the missionary should be stopped from the date of his leaving Samoa on furlough till the day of his arrival in England. Native productions, too, have increased in price while salaries remain stationary, and are far from representing their original value. But, with all these drawbacks, the Samoan missionary is probably better off than the average of English curates. The pay is perhaps much about the same, but the difference is that it will go a good deal further in the one case than in the other, as the stipend which condemns the curate to celibacy enables the missionary to settle down as a married man in a country where food is still comparatively cheap and clothing almost a matter of superfluity. The writer has some sensible remarks on the rivalry of various missions and its effects. The first sermon to which he listened was, he tells us, simply a "tirade against the poor Pope, as the preacher called him, relieved by anathemas against geologists." The connexion between geological discovery and a relapse to cannibalism is scarcely an obvious one. "When you eat a human hand, my brethren, you must be struck by its providential adaptation, &c. &c.," is said to have been the exordium of a Fijian Spurgeon who seems to have better understood the frailties of his audience. The existing jealousy between the Wesleyan and the London Missions is described by the writer as equally fatal to the interests of both. It is no wonder that the teacher is often met by the reply, "Settle among yourselves which is the right religion, and then we shall know what to do." All this is very bad, and there will probably be no improvement until these religious factions are reduced to a common denominator, or the policy of agreeing to differ is better understood than it is at present.

In the original "cultus" of the Samoan, a polytheism resembling that of the Hindoo is curiously blended with customs apparently derived from the Levitical code, such as circumcision, the establishment of cities of refuge, and the practice of marrying a deceased brother's wife. The introduction of firearms seems to have been in the main favourable to civilization. With the abolition of hand-to-hand encounters, war has lost much of its attractions for the native, and the discontinuance of war implies the abandonment of a good many practices which formed the strongholds of heathenism. But the condition of the group was a turbulent one even at the date of the writer's visit. The nine years' struggle which commenced in 1847 resulted in an oligarchy, which in turn gave place to a multitude of petty States, and in the conflict of parties the old faith has formed a sort of political war-cry against the new. The position of an island chieftain in Samoa seems meanwhile to be far from enviable, living as he does in perpetual dread of being murdered by his rival. The approved mode of tyrannicide is by introducing the barbed sting of the ray into the intestines of the victim during sleep, after the fashion adopted in the case of Edward II., and the result is certain, though often lingering, death. Tuitua, his majesty of Savaii, was, as the writer informs us, in the prudent habit of retiring to rest in a small den purposely built in the roof of the house, his favourite henchman sleeping at the foot of the ladder which led to it.

The fauna of these islands is a scanty one. Rats, mice, and a small kind of dog form the main items in the list of quadrupeds. The wild cat, which abounds in some places, is probably of foreign importation, the descendant, it may be, of the original venture of Whittington. It has nearly exterminated a species of apteryx, or wingless bird, which, however, is still occasionally to be found, a specimen having been shot in Savaii just before Mr. Hood's arrival there. The coral reefs abound in shells of the rarest kind, which may be found in multitudes scrambling up the trees and along the branches in a manner suggestive of the time when "*pisium summa genus hæsit ulmo*." Their strange power of locomotion is due to the hermit crabs which appropriate them as a dwelling-place, and on the approach of a stranger "tumble from their exalted position like a shower of crab-apples." The Pulolo, a greenish worm about eighteen inches in length, is a singular phenomenon of the Polynesian Sea, and forms a favourite article of diet with the native. At a certain time of the year, punctually indicated by the land-crabs, which then march down to the shore in countless myriads, it rises from the coral reefs in such numbers as to make the sea gelatinous. Mr. Hood is, however, mistaken in supposing it to be the spawn of some creature, as Seemann, who handled plenty of specimens (one of which is figured in his work), expressly states "that the little slimy things twist round the hand, and that they swim very fast." Mr. Hood's gigantic "ou on" crab is probably identical with that mentioned in Darwin's journal. Its strength is such as to enable it to husk the cocoa-nut, in search of which it mounts the palm tops. It is captured, as Seemann informs us, by the simple expedient of intercepting its return with a bundle of grass twisted half-way down the stem. As soon as he arrives at this halting-place, the "ou on"—who, after the fashion of his race, comes down backwards—fancies he has

* Notes of a Cruise in H.M.S. "*Fawn*" in the Western Pacific in the Year 1862. By T. Hood. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

reached the bottom, and, tumbling down some sixty feet or so, is easily taken while stunned by the fall.

The author's personal acquaintance with the Fijians seems not to have extended beyond a passing glimpse of the Highlands of Vanua Levu, the most northern of the group. The testimony of Seemann, who visited these islands in 1861, hardly bears out Mr. Hood's statement "that the practice of cannibalism has not diminished, except in the principal resorts of Europeans, or in the neighbourhood of missionary stations." The former writer asserts that whole towns made a bold stand against the practice, and declared that it was "tabu"—forbidden by their gods. This he attributes to the native belief that it was the cause of the fearful skin disease prevalent among their race. As it is, the practice seems to be mainly confined to the aristocracy, and to be regarded less as a matter of choice than of religious duty—a sacrifice to the Supreme Being, in which none but the select few are allowed to partake. The very forks used in the ceremony are venerated as sacred implements and heir-looms, and Seemann tells us that his handling them seemed to give as much pain "as if he had gone into a Christian church and used the sacred chalice for drinking water."

From Fiji the expedition proceeded to New Caledonia, but only remained there for a week. The natives appear to surpass their near relatives the Fijians in the superlative barbarity of their manners. The wife accompanies her husband to battle for the purpose of dragging off the dead, who are cooked entire in their war costume, and in a sitting posture. Polygamy obtains to a great extent, and probably for the same reasons as in Fiji, where the wife is separated from the husband for three or four years after the birth of each child, that no other baby may interfere with the operation of nursing during that period. The women themselves are held in the lowest estimation, as may be collected from the fact that a chief has been known to set up his wives in a row and practise at them with a musket. A French mission is now established, or rather re-established, in the island, the determined hostility of the natives having rendered their first attempt a failure. But the prospect of success is anything but hopeful, as the race with which they have to deal is evidently a degenerate one. Ruins of considerable importance, and even the traditions of the inhabitants themselves, point to an ancestry once considerably advanced in civilization.

The cruise of the *Faen* ends with a visit to the Piteairners of Norfolk Island, the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, whose story is too familiar to need recapitulation. Their first migration to Tahiti in 1831 was attended with ill success, as their numbers were more than decimated by an epidemic. They were transferred to Norfolk Island in 1856, on its disuse as a convict settlement, and then numbered 194 souls. The latter experiment threatened to prove equally fatal to the *morale* of the colony. The interest they excited, and the system of petting which resulted from it, had the effect of converting a society which almost realized the ideal of a primitive Christian community into a race of accomplished beggars—a state of things which, but for the judicious discipline of Sir W. Denison, would have proved wholly fatal to their former habits of self-reliance and industry.

We have only to add that Mr. Hood proves himself to be no bad *raconteur* in the course of his narrative. The adventure of the diver attached to the *Faen* is worthy of a place in Edgar Poe's tales of wonder. On making his way in his gutta percha dress into the saloon of a wrecked vessel, he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of a huge ground-shark which sailed in at the door. Escape was impossible. All that could be done was to remain perfectly quiet. The monster, meanwhile, fixed its cold green eye on him, pushed against the leaden sole of his boots, and rubbed against his dress, the slightest puncture in which would have been certain destruction. Ten minutes elapsed—a lifetime under the circumstances—but the nerve of the hero was at length rewarded by witnessing his enemy turn tail, and sail out by the way he came in, leaving him to make the best of his way upwards to the surface.

FAIRYLAND.*

ICELAND and Fairyland are far enough asunder in most people's thoughts; yet, if we trace the pedigree of the fairies, we shall find their ancestors among the dreariest Northern wilds, and the collection of Icelandic legends now before us contains many a quaint tale of giant, elf, and troll who were the forefathers of Puck and Oberon. The first step in our genealogy does not promise well, for the name Fairy carries us to an immeasurable distance from Iceland. Antiquarians inform us that it is the same as the Arabian *Peri*, which ought to be pronounced more softly than it is written, as if the *p* were *ph*. The *Peris*, as everyone is aware, are mild and graceful spirits, dwelling in the scent of rose-leaves, lying rocked on lotos-cups or broad leaves of the water-lily, floating among sunset clouds, and singing sweetly in the silver blossoms of the jessamine. It would seem that the Arabian love songs, full of stories of these airy beings, took the fancy of young troubadours and ardent Red-cross knights. Some even dreamed that they were favoured with the love of *Peris*, and in the odorous Southern moonlight none denied the power possessed by floating spirits to enchant unwary wanderers. So it came that the *Peris* were naturalised—in France, Italy, and England—as *fee* or *fay*, *fata*, and *faery*. But though the name was of so distant an origin, we must find the true character of these

sylvan sprites among the oldest nations of the North. From the Gothic "*duergar*," from the Scandinavian "*berg elfen*" and "*fæld elfen*," from the kelpies of Scotch lakes, and from the sea spirits of Norway they borrowed impish attributes and strange, mysterious powers. In the breaking-up of old mythology which followed the introduction of the Christian faith into the North, all the minor deities who had been honoured as the lords of tree and fell and flood were confused together, and condemned without exception as delusive demons. Before, they had been various in their nature, some of them being reckoned as beneficent spirits and some as mischievous enemies to mankind. But then an indiscriminate verdict was pronounced against them, and henceforth they are described as paying tribute to hell, holding impious revels on the hills like witches' Sabbaths, trooping after sunrise to the caves of darkness, bewitching harmless travellers, and easily provoked to elfin malice. Sometimes even the classical deities of hell are connected with them. This the mere mention of their queen Hecate proves. She was identified with Diana, who led moonlight dances in the woods. Chaucer, in the "*Merchant's Tale*," talks of

Pluto that is king of fayrie—and
Proserpine and all her fayrie.

And Sir W. Scott, in his preface to the "*Ballad of Young Tamlane*," mentions an old play of "*Orfeo and Hewodis*," in which Eurydice is carried off to fairyland and successfully rescued by her husband's power of song. Still, the common folk do not seem to have joined in this anathema; they call them "*good people*," "*men of peace*," and "*good neighbours*," and tell many tales of their helpful household ways and broad good humour.

Some theorists pretend that the last remnant of primeval fetish worship may be traced in fairy-lore. These unseen and malicious spirits who must be cajoled into good humour, these presidential deities who range the waste and haunt the air, who dwell in flowers and stones and caverns of the hills, are said to be close cousins to the stockish gods of heathen tribes. They have gradually become refined by fancy, as the nymphs of wood and sea and stream and lake grew into fairest form among the ancient Greeks. But we ought not to forget their lineage. Other historians remark that some of the elfish attributes may be referred to vague recollections of a race anterior to the Celt. Their shy retirement among the woods and mountains, and their rugged unfamiliar manners, may have been suggested by the wandering Fins and other Turanian tribes whom the Indo-Germans dispossessed. It is remarkable, too, that a great number of the fairy tales ascribe to these good people a knowledge of the art of forging iron. Heroes oftentimes went into the wilderness and brought back elfin faulchions, murderous to men and fatal to their wearers. Like gipsies again, and other suspected nomad races, the fairies were accused of stealing children. A large section of the elfin literature is devoted to the history of changelings, and many rules respecting their recovery are treasured up. We may remark that many legends in the collection of Icelandic tales before us would seem to favour a rationalistic view of this kind. The elves are often represented as poor people and in need, dwelling near the houses of more prosperous peasants, and asking alms of them. By their good offices and by curious gifts they repay kind acts, while a want of charity is visited by malediction and enchantment.

But, be the lineage of fairies what it will, we need not trouble ourselves more about it. The fancy of the poets has made a fresh world for their habitation, and all their various attributes are combined by the genius of Shakespeare, Fletcher, Herrick, Milton, and the ballad-writers into a strange and wilful nature. Like everything else in our literature, they are invested with peculiar strength and beauty of imagination by reason of the incongruous elements which our national genius has welded into one artistic whole. That half-belief which characterized the age of Elizabeth and made it see the past in gorgeous hues, unfettered by the pressure of hard reality and unblinded by the mist of superstition, found ample scope for its exercise within the realm of fairyland. The elves were sufficiently real to be clearly conceived and to have a local habitation among woodland glades and moonlight streams, but the poets did not scruple to ascribe to them new attributes, and to embellish with their fancy the ruder stories of an earlier age.

The first of the Icelandic legends gives two different accounts of the genesis of the Elves. It is curious that both are adapted to the Christian mythology, though the first has a strong dash of Northern pagan humour. In it they are called the "*Hid-folk*," from their power of remaining invisible to human eyes; and the story runs thus:—

Once upon a time, God Almighty came to visit Adam and Eve. They received him with joy, and showed him everything they had in the house. They also brought their children to him, to show him, and these He found promising and full of hope. Then He asked Eve whether she had no other children than these whom she now showed him. She said "None."

But it so happened that she had not finished washing them all, and, being ashamed to let God see them dirty, had hidden the unwashed ones. This God knew well, and said therefore to her, "What man hides from God, God will hide from man." These unwashed children became forthwith invisible, and took up their abode in mounds, and hills, and rocks. From these are the elves descended, but we men from those of Eve's children whom she had openly and frankly shown to God. And it is only by the will and desire of the elves themselves that man can ever see them.

In the second legend, a traveller relates how one night he came by chance to the dwelling of some elves, one of whom informed him that her kinsfolk were originally spirits of the air who remained neutral during the rebellion of Lucifer. For this God drove them

* *Icelandic Legends*. Collected by Jón Arnason. Translated by George E. J. Powell and Eiríkur Magnússon. London: Bentley. 1864.

forth from heaven, and made them dwell in rocks and mountains of the earth. There they remain, doing good or ill at their own pleasure, impalpable as air, and hidden from the gaze of men except when they choose to put on human form. Their punishment was less severe than that which Dante, in his fierce spirit of party strife, assigns to the angels—

Che non furon ribelli,
Né fur fedeli a Dio, ma per sè foro.

This notion that the fairies are spirits who have either fallen or are liable to fall from their primeval state of goodness is not rare. We remember to have read an old Styrian legend which relates how star-crowned spirits of the air sullied their ethereal nature by eating strawberries, which in German are called "earth-berries," whereupon they became glow-worms, and still bore about upon their foreheads a starry symbol of their former state.

The Icelandic legends describe minutely what Fairyland is like. In the story of Túngustapi it is described as a fair cavern in the hill-side, illuminated by "endless rows of the brightest lamps," where elfin priests perform the sacred offices of their religion. Here, again, we notice a curious mixture of the Christian and the Pagan modes of thought; and to these legends may be traced the origin of many a popular belief in buried churches, and in chimes of bells heard at Christmastide beneath the earth. Sir W. Scott, in the second volume of his *Minstrelsy*, tells a curious tale of a mountain in Catalonia which had upon its summit an enchanted lake, and by the lake an entrance to Elfland. He adds that all Scotch mountains are regarded with like superstition, and that wells and pits upon high hills are commonly supposed to be the mouth of that invisible region. Shepherds in search of lost sheep have wandered into the enchanted land, and there have found their flocks reposing in fair meadows. Some never return, but dwell among the elves and intermarry with them; others reappear, like the shepherd in the tale of "Valbjörg the Unselfed," who brought his wife back to the upper world and converted her to Christianity. This beautiful legend, which is given to us in Mr. Powell's collection, has an additional interest as illustrating the power which priests were supposed to exercise over elves. Indeed, the churchman and his magic were always a match for the fairies. We are reminded, in reading this legend, of Mr. Matthew Arnold's pretty poem of the deserted Merman. There is a similar story in the book, called "Katla's Dream," which has a more melancholy conclusion than that of Valbjörg. Katla is carried off in spirit to Elfland, to be the bride of the fairy Kári; but she pines for her own home, and Kári sends her back and dies himself heartbroken with exceeding love and sorrow. Stories of the loves of men and fairies are not uncommon. The fairy Melusina married Guy de Lusignan, Count of Poitou, and long continued to protect the palace of his descendants. Sir David Lindsay even gives the armorial bearing of a leopard to the children of these unequal marriages. Such mortals as have penetrated into Elfland describe the fairies as sitting at perpetual feasts, or dancing on the green, or lying canopied by mushrooms, or riding in merry chase. Hence comes the poetical belief that red-tipped mosses are fairy cups, and that dark rings on the sward are touched by fairy feet. To quote from English poets any description of their revels would be superfluous. But we cannot refrain from transcribing the following verses from the "Ballad of Young Tamlane." They relate the passing of a fairy band:—

About the dead hour o' the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad o' that,
As any earthly thing!
Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large,
And bogreed struck the ear;
But solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,
The Fairies cannot bear.

We already see here the growth of a new elfin lore. The old bare legend has been dressed up with fresh flowers of fancy, and the last two lines describe that petulant and tricky spirit which belongs to the true fairy kind. A similar chase forms part of the legend of Túngustapi, from which we have already quoted, and probably we ought to connect this hunting propensity of the fairies with a large class of superstitions scattered over Europe. The Huntsman of the Hartz, the Swedish Hunt of Odin, the Norman Ride of Arthur, and endless legends of this sort preserved in the folk-lore of France, Germany, and England, have all been referred to the same origin by Mr. Baring Gould in a recent book on Iceland.

It is curious that, in the Icelandic tales before us, elves are always said to have a greater power for evil at Christmas than at any other time. It was then that the fairy queen Hildur slew her victims, and evil spirits haunted the homesteads. This is quite contrary to the beautiful lines in *Hamlet*:—

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

But it indicates the pagan origin of elfin superstition. Again, in the story of Una the Elfwoman, we read that the fairies could not go to church or bear the name of God. In English legends it is the Eve of St. John on which the elves have fullest sway. Then was the time to gather fernseed and become invisible. And he who roamed alone in field or forest "on that thrice-hallowed eve" was oftentimes bewitched. The prevailing belief respecting the character of elves attributed to them the most malicious enmity in

cases where they thought they had been wronged. Neither the persons nor the property of their foes escaped their rage. As time went on, this witch-like rancour became softened into mere buffoonery and impish spite. Thence Shakspeare drew the trickeries of Puck or Robin Goodfellow, who may be called the genius of practical jokes. In like manner, the practice of stealing children as hostages for hell, which fairies seem to have inherited from the night-hags of the North, supplied Shakspeare with the beautiful story of Titania's Indian page. Her preference for the boy and Oberon's desire to wrest him from her formed the motives by which the whole plot of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was conducted. We have not space to follow up this line of thought and show how gracefully the legends of fairyland were used by English poets. Shakspeare himself created a fresh race of elves. Oberon and Titania, with their fantastic quarrels and aerial court, are unlike any other creatures of the fancy. With what pride they move, how airily they discourse, how waspish is their anger, how delicate their merriment, and how unreal the train of Cobweb, Peasblossom, and Puck that do their bidding! Ariel is a separate creation, nor must he be confounded with the elves; and Mercutio's Queen Mab belongs more to the homely fairies of folk-lore. Herrick's rhymes upon the Court of Oberon are of the same quaint humour. He tells maidens how to gain the favour of Queen Mab, and describes Oberon's palace with many a rural simile. There is, however, one passage in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* which reminds us of Shakspeare's fine fairy world. He is talking of a magic spring:—

A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.

But perhaps the most truly poetical passage that has ever been written about fairies is found in the song they sing while consecrating the house of Theseus and Hippolyta:—

And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic.

The fairies have now become a tissue of the most ethereal substance, the very stuff that dreams are made of. The same thought is conveyed by Milton, in lines comparatively prosaic, at the close of his "Hymn upon the Nativity":—

And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moonloved maze.

We have hardly done justice to Messrs. Powell and Magnúson's excellent collection of Icelandic stories. But perhaps the best praise we can confer upon it is to acknowledge that the first stories which are found in its pages so absorbed our attention, and raised so many points of interest, that we left the tales of trolls and ghosts and water-spirits to another reading. The book is simple and unpretending. It is adorned with spirited and appropriate illustrations. And though the younger part of the community may find some of its legends rather terrible, we can safely recommend it as an agreeable and entertaining story-book.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.*

WHETHER Horace's Epistle to the Pisos, which from the time of Quintilian has gone by the name of the "Art of Poetry," was really intended to be a treatise on poetical composition in general; or whether (which may be designated as Hurd's theory) it is simply an account in verse of the history and progress of the Roman drama, and its condition in the author's time; or whether, as the elder Colman among ourselves, and Wieland among the Germans, conjectured, we are to regard it as a desultory epistle on poetry, addressed chiefly to the elder son of Lucius Piso, in order at once to dissuade and to instruct a would-be poet and perhaps dramatic writer—this is a question which has provoked such a variety of opinions that it is most unlikely ever to be decided. Much may be said for each of the three views; though the supporters of the first must admit that, if a treatise, it is scarcely a methodical treatise, seeing that it bears traces of off-hand, unconnected, fragmentary criticism of contemporary poets and poetry, which stamp it either as an unfinished work or as one written without any aim at system or completeness. Bishop Hurd's notion may rest on some basis of truth, but he rides his hobby too hard when he attempts to refer, not merely the general scope, but each particular precept of the Epistle, to the Roman drama; nor is it possible to wade through his copious commentary without marvelling how his love of paradox and fondness for ingenious subtleties could have won him the favour he obtained among his contemporaries. Wieland's conjecture is entitled to most respect, for it makes the smallest demands on probability, in bidding us accept the Epistle as designed by Horace to illustrate the difficulties of writing good poetry, dramatic or otherwise, and to embody his jottings of such rules about composition as struck him in passing. It is strengthened by the likelihood that the so-called "Ars Poetica" is nothing more than a conclusion to the second book of the Epistles, which is chiefly of a critical character, and treats almost

* *The Art of Poetry of Horace, with Translations in Prose and Verse.* By the Very Rev. Daniel Bagot, B.D. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

entirely of poets and poetry, past and present. When we add that Dean Milman, who has made the Horatian field as it were his own, has espoused Wieland's view in three different lives of Horace, enough has been said to bespeak for it the preference of any readers who may yet be undecided.

But, whatever the precise intent of the Epistle in the first instance, it has always been accepted by poets as a pleasant and gossiping "locus classicus" concerning the precepts of their art. It has been translated again and again, and has been made the foundation of numberless "treatises on Poetry." Among the latter class, while it would be supererogatory to refer English readers to the Epistle to the Pisos for the germ of Pope's "Essay on Criticism," we may mention the less-read "Essay on Poetry" by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Roscommon's treatise on "Translated Verse." Both have laid Horace under contribution, as have also Boileau, to whose excellent "Art of Poetry" Pope was largely indebted, and the Italian Vida, whose "De Arte Poeticâ" is to be seen in English garb, in the somewhat heavy version of Christopher Pitt. Of actual translators, noble and gentle, Ben Jonson, Roscommon, and the satirist Oldham, are the most prominent. Ben Jonson's version has many recommendations. It consists of the same number of verses as its original, neither more nor less. It is marked by that scholarship with which "rare Ben" was credited by his contemporaries. Written in heroic couplets, it observes the exigencies of rhyme in a manner worthy of modern imitation. Roscommon—finding, doubtless, the difficulty of concluding sense and couplet simultaneously—eschewed rhyme in his exact and neat, but not lively, version. Yet his graceful blank verse is worth perusal. It differs entirely from Oldham's, which, professing to be in rhymed metre, transgresses the laws of rhyme in five couplets out of six, and, though not lacking fire or spirit, is seriously marred by slovenly execution, its author studying vigour and originality rather than grace and accuracy of versification. Oldham's speciality is his use of English equivalents for the Roman names of men, places, and customs given by Horace; e. g. v. 414-15:—

Qui Pythia cantat

Tibicen, didicit prius extimuitque magistrum;

which sounds quaintly in his rendering:—

Nor is there any singing man, we know,
Of good repute in a cathedral now,
But was a learner once, he'll freely own,
And by long practice to that skill hath grown.

The foregoing list of translators and imitators does not pretend to be exhaustive, yet it may serve to indicate the perennial popularity of the so-called Art of Poetry. And that popularity is surely well deserved. How appropriate are the hints, how catholic, so to speak, the doctrines of the easy Venesian! Mr. Merivale, indeed, sees, in the second book of the Epistles, and in this piece, the last works of one "seeking forgetfulness in polished and sensible, but not very profound nor careful, remarks on the literary taste of his day." Be this as it may, the satire is not ungenial; the criticism is within bounds; and if here and there a verse or two betoken "a curious euthanasia to the fervid exaltation of his youth," his last work is mainly free from the spitefulness of despondency, and brands faults rather than those who commit them. And who can con the last pages of Horace, without coming upon wellnigh a century of home-truths for poets? e. g. —

340. Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

343. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

351. Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Offendar maculis.

361. Ut pictura, poesis:

372. Mediocribus esse poetis

Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

These are of universal acceptance. How sagely, too, does the poet trace the phenomena of the decadence of poetic taste to causes which experience verifies; for example, where (in vv. 322-32) he ascribes the failure of poetic genius at Rome in his day to the absorbing greed of gain. "When the passion of avarice," writes Sir William Temple, "grows general in a country, the temples of Honour are soon pulled down, and all men's sacrifices are made to Fortune." It is some proof of the wisdom of the "Ars Poetica" that, just as in old Rome the devotion of youth to accounts and ledgers drove out the spirit of poetry, so in our own age and nation a marvellous activity in the pursuit of wealth synchronizes with an almost utter extinction of the highest poetic gifts. This is but one point out of many in which experience shows the poet to have hit the true nail on the head, and therefore he is read, and must be read, often and cordially, by all who aspire to be writers or judges of poetry.

To come to the volume before us, we have little fault to find with that part which is given to a prose version of the Epistle. It is generally accurate and indicative of thorough study of the original. It may be a thought or so too diffuse, if one may judge by the words in italics which are imported into the version to make its meaning clear. Perfect translation, if we could find it, would supersede such expedients. We question, too, whether those who argue that Latin and Greek poets should be done into good prose, because incapable of transmutation into good verse in other tongues, will deem this version successful enough to confirm their view. But it is with the verse-translation in the book before us that we are called upon to deal. Dean Bagot is evidently no novice at versification. He can throw off whole passages like one who has attained considerable mastery over rhythm, and studied the best models, such as

Dryden and Pope. But he should have remembered that in turning into English the "Ars Poetica" he is treading on very delicate ground. He is translating rules which, if he violates them in his versification, he raises in judgment against himself. But human nature, if not blind, is certainly not given to introspection. Hearers of sermons apply the hard hits in them to every one rather than to themselves. And so translators of Arts of Poetry are the last to profit by rules which they virtuously strive to make plainer to others. Thus there are two or three faults observable throughout this translation which, had the original been more thoroughly applied to his own composition, its author would have avoided. First, he neglects the warning that "Sectantem levius nervi Deficiunt," when, by continual diffuseness for the sake of smooth versification, he enervates precepts which have their force in their very conciseness. We will take two or three instances:—

Serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellæ.—v. 28.

He that too *timorous* quivers at the storm

Shrinks as a victim to a false alarm.

And like the bird that dreads the wintry sky

Creeps on the ground, afraid to soar or fly.

It needs but to italicize the words which are reiterations of a single idea of Horace, to convey to the reader a notion of the enfeebling nature of this process. Again, vv. 40-41—

Cui lecta potenter erit res,

Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo—

are spread out into four lines, with proportionate diminution of force:—

He that selects with this prime rule in view
Will write with freedom and with clearness too,
In words that shall with eloquence express
His thoughts in easy flow and lucid dress.

Here, again, we have two sets of synonyms for "facundia" and for "lucidus ordo," between which we contend that the translator ought to have made choice, and not to have taken both. Once more, let any one compare Dean Bagot's diffuse version of vv. 409-10—

Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,

Nec rude, quid possit, video ingenium:—

with Oldham's briefer and more forceful couplet, and we cannot doubt which will be preferred:—

My voice is this, that neither study can
Succeed without a rich poetic vein,
Nor that great genius unless polished well
Can in poetic compositions tell.—BAGOT.

No art without a genius will avail,
And parts without the help of art will fail.

A kindred fault, very common in this version, is the insertion of ideas and similes which have no existence in the original. Thus, in the translation of v. 138:—

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu,

we find an irrelevant and modern idea grafted on the words of Horace:—

What can this vaunting boaster tell?
His promise sounds so like an auction-bell.

In v. 160, "Mutatur in horas" is amplified in this wise:—

And like a leaf beneath the tempest's power
He's blown about, and changed from hour to hour.
Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.—vv. 190-1—

comes out as

Gods should not interpose with rules and laws,
When minor Solons can decide the cause.

We marvel much to see what a coil of three verses Dean Bagot unwinds from the two words "pallæ honestæ" in v. 278; but the most amazing importation of what is purely *de trop* is where the single word "Antiphaten" in v. 145 supplies stock for the weak broth of these two puerile lines:—

Antiphates, the savage king who fed
On human flesh, as others feed on bread.

This minute definition of cannibalism is surely intended for infant capacities which require the familiar illustration of the cat and the mouse before they can comprehend what the verb "to tear" means.

In the translation before us we come not seldom on slovenly lines which lead us to wish that translators would apply to verses that they cannot render elegantly the treatment which Horace suggests for portions of a subject that cannot be treated with brilliancy:—

Et quæ

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.—149-50.

We should then be free from such rough lines as—

And what he fears won't shine he lets alone.
Those who're immersed in undeserved distress,
If what is said won't suit the speaker's state,
A peal of laughter's heard from every seat.

Such slipshod verses are particularly out of place in a treatise on Poetry. And this last extract leads us to another fault we have to find with Dean Bagot—his false rhymes. We know all about "allowable" rhymes, and "authority," and so forth, but the sins against rhyme in the 834 verses of the Dean are so frequent and so bad that Pope would have disowned him. In v. 351-2 *sustinet* is made to rhyme with *man*; in 408-9 *clad* with *God*; elsewhere joined with *sound*; *compose* with *gross*; and *well* with *fail*. It is true:—

Non quisvis videt immoluta poemata iudex—v. 262;
Not every judge has science to detect
Poems of untuned time and inexact.—BAGOT.

But the translator goes too far if he applies this to the judges of his rhymes. He mars very many otherwise quotable passages by some blemish of this kind. Neither spirit nor neatness, for example, is wanting to his execution of vv. 285-94, "Nil intentatum nostri," &c., in which Horace blames Roman poets for disliking the "limæ labor et mora." Yet, impelled by his evil genius, our translator ends this passage with a false rhyme, which we can only account for by supposing him to pronounce the last word *more Hibernico* :—

Like the smooth slab, on which the sculptor's nail
No flaw to mar its polished plane can feel.

These blots are not the less to be regretted because there is internal evidence that time and pains, and observance of the Horatian maxim "Delere licebit quod non edideris," might have secured the production of a far more faultless version, without any necessity for the "nine-years" of suppression recommended by Horace. With the exception of one barely "allowable" rhyme, the following extract deserves all commendation (372-8) :—

Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter menses, symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendant, poterat duci quia cœna sine istis;
Sic animis natum inventumque poema iuvandis,
Si paulum summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

But that a poet should be middling new
Nor men nor gods nor publishers allow.
As ill-tuned music at a welcome feast,
And coarse and thick perfumes offend the taste,
As poppy, mixt with honey that is bad,
Impairs the pleasure that might else be had;
So poems, that should please, if they descend
From a high standard, to the lowest tend.

Comparing this passage with the corresponding lines in Roscommon's translation, we see at once that there is more scholarship, exactness, and spirit about the Dean of Dromore :—

As an ill concert, or a coarse perfume
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
And might with more discretion have been spared;
So poetry, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but must be, still,
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.—ROSCOMMON.

It seems as if the noble translator last quoted had wisely resolved to omit the words "Sardo cum melle papaver," because he did not understand them. Our modern translator does understand them, and renders them well.

One more happy version by Dean Bagot is all that we can find space to quote—namely, the lines beginning with "Dicta per carmina sortes" (403, &c.) :—

In verse the gods declared their will to man,
In verse was shown the safe and moral plan
Of life; and kings were asked in verse to grant
Whatever favours they who asked might want.
Games were described and patronized in song,
Poems gave pleasure after toils too long.
So do not let the Muse that tunes the lyre,
Nor yet the God, who gives poetic fire,
And binds the poet's brow with wreaths of fame,
Cause you a moment's blush or tinge of shame.

Many like passages might be adduced to show that there are substantial merits in this translation. The more pity that they are marred by blemishes. Let the Dean take Horace's advice, and betake himself to revision. In the words of the "Ars Poetica," we would counsel him—

Male tornatos incudi reddere versus.

SCHUBART AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

THE reign of romanticism seems to have come to an end in German literature, and no class of writers has more completely freed itself from its influence and traditions than the novelists. The dreamy kind of productions in which Immermann and Eichendorff and Arnim were wont to indulge have lost the hold which, in spite (or by reason) of their cloudy indistinctness, they once possessed over the mind of the German public. Whether the cause of this phenomenon be the revival of political aspirations, if not of active political life, through the length and breadth of the land, or a natural reaction against an overbearing literary school, its existence, at all events, is beyond a doubt. At the present day, the pens of German novelists (a race of which in that country, as elsewhere, there appears to exist a perennial supply) occupy themselves entirely with the present and the past. Meanwhile, it were well if these writers occasionally remembered that, in all ages of mankind since the patriarchal, human life itself has been but brief, and if they would consent to adapt the dimensions of their novels to those of mortal existence. Notwithstanding the example of Victor Hugo, the greatest novel is not always the biggest, any more than Sergeant Kite was the greatest of men because he was the tallest. A leading German novelist, M. Gutzkow, condemns himself to remain unread, except by hardy adventurers, by the preposterous length of everything which flows from his pen; and within the last month or two one well-known author has published an historical romance on

Pope Ganganelli in five volumes, another a story founded on the chaste reminiscences of Catherine II. in six, while the distinguished M. Laube offers to the jaded public a first trifling instalment, in four tomes, of a mighty fiction about the Thirty Years' War.

Like M. Laube, M. Brachvogel, the author of a four-volume historical romance entitled *Schubart and his Contemporaries*, has hitherto been known by his dramatic rather than his narrative efforts. His tragedy of *Narciss*, founded on a fragmentary dialogue by Diderot, and including in its frame both the sufferings of Rameau's ragged nephew and the glories of the *belle jardinière* of Versailles, a few years ago caused an unusual sensation on the boards of the principal German theatres. If M. Brachvogel has cast aside the trammels of dramatic composition in order to be able to range unfettered over the novelist's broader domain, we regret the fact for his own sake, for no author ever needed more trammelling and tying down. He possesses vast industry and patience in research, and writes generally in an unaffected and plain style which has taken us agreeably by surprise in the author of the rampant dialogue of *Narciss*; but more than this is required in a good historical novel. If not a certain unity, at least a certain carefulness of construction, is indispensable to make a work of art out of a mere triad of biographies, loosely connected together and interspersed with imaginary conversations. To rival Sir Walter Scott or Alfred De Vigny, it is necessary, in the first place, to study the art and labour of their workmanship. M. Brachvogel is guiltless of any attempt at "conquering his materials," to use a phrase of Goethe; and, unless he goes harder to work with his next romance, he runs a risk of falling to the level of the prolix Louise Mühlbach, not to mention certain other names which might be found nearer home. If, however, M. Brachvogel has not studied Scott for the art of moulding a mass into a whole, he has not failed to learn from the late Mr. G. P. R. James the time-honoured method of beginning an historical novel. In his exordium the two travellers once more resume their ceaseless wanderings.

We have said that this story consists of at least three biographies. They are those of Duke Charles Eugene of Württemberg, of Schiller (up to the publication of his *Fiesco*), and of the hero who gives his name to the work. It is not till the middle of the third volume that any connexion becomes apparent between the lives of Schubart and the Duke, and Schiller is only brought in for the purpose of pointing the moral of the tale, which otherwise would no more have an end than, in a literary sense, it can be said to possess a beginning. Within these limits, or rather without any limits at all, the author has crowded together a vast accumulation of literary and historical lore. His book is intended as a contribution to the history of the *Sturm und Drang*-period, whose undeniable similarity, in certain respects, to the present aspect of Germany M. Brachvogel has, notwithstanding the modest disclaimer in his preface, been by no means loth to insinuate. Christian Schubart has been always looked upon as one of the martyrs of the revival of German patriotism and liberty. As an author, he is scarcely remembered, except as the writer of various inflated rhapsodies in *tyrannos*, which read strangely enough in the cool light of the nineteenth century. Much allowance must, however, be made for him, both as to the style and the matter of his performances, which would probably have been long ago buried in oblivion were it not for the undoubted fact that they inspired the first wild flight of Schiller's muse, and that they drew down upon their author's head an amount of suffering such as has rarely fallen to the lot of a literary Bohemian. He was born in a Württemberg village in the year 1739, and originally destined for the Lutheran Church, in which he had fair prospects of success, owing to the patronage, strange to say, of the Catholic Prince-Abbot of Ellwangen. The character of this amiable latitudinarian—one of those prelates who unconsciously did their part in hurrying on the Revolution—is admirably drawn by M. Brachvogel. Schubart's tastes, however, inclined to the vagrant life of a musician and improvisatore; and we are introduced to his juvenile successes in both lines at the then Free and Imperial city of Nürnberg, the Protestant and Prussian sympathies of whose citizens he gains by his songs in honour of the Prussian hero. Christian's studies at Erlangen had nearly brought him to the door of moral and bodily ruin, when at last, after passing, according to M. Brachvogel, through two discreditable amours at home, he was landed as schoolmaster in the village of Geisalsingen. Here he immediately falls in love with and marries a simple country girl, Helena Bühler, and M. Brachvogel's account of the courtship is one of the prettiest episodes in the book. We think, however, we have met with something uncommonly like the following before :—

"But tell me (asks the village maiden), surely you have a good strong hearty faith? Now and then you say such things that you frighten me, although I only half understand you. Tell me, in what do you really believe?"

"That, child, is a very hard question, which cannot be settled off-hand, and would be ill enough answered by many a parson, now-a-days. I believe in God, the Creator of us and of all things, who is everywhere, and sends us what is good for us. . . . A new spirit, a new light, a spark from heaven must come down, to lead the poor world back again to childlike simplicity, that men, freed from delusions, may see better days, happier here, and more acceptable hereafter."

"Your words are all so fine and learned that I am ready to believe that you think what is right. I suppose you understand it best, and love believe all things. . . . But I hope you're not one of those who have those fancies."

However, even by plagiarizing from Goethe's *Paula* before it was written, Christian fails to reconcile Helen to his aspirations. Her soul continues to "cleave to the clod," and above all to her

* *Schubart und seine Zeitgenossen. Historischer Roman.* Von A. E. Brachvogel. 4 Bde. Leipzig: 1864.

parents, who egg her on to open rebellion against the marital authority. Christian, already known in the literary world, chafes and fumes at his forced retirement, writes poetry or gets drunk at intervals, and finally rushes at deliverance in the shape of an offer of the post of organist at Ludwigsburg, the residence of Duke Charles Eugene of Württemberg and his Court.

With both the latter the first two volumes have already familiarized the reader. The history of Württemberg, we may remark in passing, is worth studying, both by the lovers of Court scandals and by inquirers into constitutional struggles. The Suabians, from the days of Moser to those of Uhland, have always been firm upholders of the "good old right," and have always found a sturdy resistance opposed to them and it by their *Landesväter*. Duke Charles Eugene had received a heritage of shame and iniquity, which grew ranker and ranker in his feeble and self-willed hands. Mistresses like Melanie von Wimpffen, unscrupulous intriguers like the Minister Montmartin, the General Rieger, and the Italian runner Pepe Smargali, reigned paramount; and the Duke only fell out of the hands of one to fall into those of another. His participation in the crusade against Frederick II. of Prussia caused an irremediable breach with his Diet, and led to the flight of his Duchess, a niece of the Prussian King, justly accused of treason, and unjustly, if M. Brachvogel's skilful handling of the strong circumstantial evidence is to be trusted, of adultery, by her husband. The good genius of the Duke, Consul Moser (celebrated under his own name in Schiller's *Robbers*, and possibly idealized by the same poet in the character of Marquis Posa in *Don Carlos*), was thrown into prison on the Hohenasperg. The finances were a mass of confusion, and not much improved by the sale of monopolies and taxes to the Jews, and of subjects to the British Government. The turning-point of Württemberg's history, however, was the appearance at Court of Franziska von Leutrum, the wife of a foolish old courtier (the prototype of Schiller's Hofmarschall von Kalb), who entirely won the Duke's favour and employed it in a manner which procured her the name of the "Angel of Württemberg." Moser was liberated, the quarrel with the Diet patched up, and the Court reformed. The Duke began to devote his attention to fostering works of national interest, such as the military, medical, and juristical Academy famous by the name of the *Carlsschule*, as the scene of Schiller's youthful sufferings and exploits. Franziska refused to be faithless to her husband; and the Duke, after attempting force, ultimately had to consent to marry his angel, who afterwards became Countess of Hohenheim and titular Duchess of Württemberg.

Shortly before the latter events, Schubart arrived at the Court; and at this period the story at last acquires a rough kind of unity. His free tongue and course of dissipation soon ruined his chances of ducal favour, and he ultimately, M. Brachvogel declares, brought matters to a climax by venturing to "apply" (*appliciren*) a kiss to the fairest of his music-pupils, who was none other than the omnipotent Franziska herself. In consequence he had to fly for his life, and took his revenge by publishing from Ulm a revolutionary newspaper called the *Deutsche Chronik*, filled with pasquinades upon the Duke and his wife. M. Brachvogel endeavours to persuade his readers that jealousy was the chief motive which determined Charles Eugene to take the dastardly step of decoying Schubart across the Württemberg frontier, and having him transported, as a prisoner for life, to the fortress of Hohenasperg. Here the wretched man was kept for ten years, first in chains and darkness, on bread and water; afterwards rather less strictly. But till towards the close of his imprisonment writing-materials could only be procured by stealth; and yet he managed to send forth into the world, in more repentant moments, hymns and domestic poems, and in the hours of revolt wild and bitter rhapsodies, like the *Fürstengruft*, his most famous production. Gradually hope was allowed to dawn upon him; he was permitted the company of his wife and children, and even became the dramaturgist of the military private theatricals in the fortress. At last the Duke, in one of his repentant fits (like that in which a short time previously he had by public proclamation begged his subjects' pardon for all the wrongs he had ever done them), released his victim, and, as he never did things by halves, created him Director of the Stuttgart Theatre. M. Brachvogel, for the sake of his poor story, makes a very lame attempt to attribute the Duke's relenting to his discovery that Franziska had never really loved Schubart. Whatever may have been the motives of his revenge, it was not only barbarous, but effectual. The cage had tamed the bird, and Schubart's life (like his biographer's novel) flickered out quietly and dully enough. He lived to see the French Revolution—and to condemn it; and died in his house at Stuttgart, in the year 1794, as calmly as if he had been as saintly a poet and led as saintly a life as the Klopstock by the recitals of whose *Messias* he had commenced his Bohemian career.

We make no attempt to touch upon the episodes connected with Schiller, of whose early years M. Brachvogel gives his readers enough and to spare. For all he has to tell has been a hundred times told before—how Schiller wrote the *Robbers*, how he found in Stuttgart, ready-made, the horrible subject of his *Cubala und Liebe*, and how at last he fled from the paternal rod of the Duke. M. Brachvogel has dragged in all the other German poets on whom he could by any possibility lay hands, among them Wieland and Goethe, whose "classic calm" is introduced with a very *mal-apropos* anachronism. In fact, the author has crowded so many figures on his canvas that it is difficult—to use a German proverb—to see the wood for trees. We should advise him next

time to make his choice, and write either a novel or a piece of literary and Court history, instead of a mixture like the present, remembering a sound maxim which he puts into the mouth of his hero, that a man may not safely put wine and ale into the same pot. In conclusion, we must protest against the feeble attempt to make something which is supposed to be the Suabian dialect do duty for the popular humour in which M. Brachvogel is of course—or he would not be a German novelist—utterly deficient. To change every termination in *es* into *e* suggests nothing whatever beyond a conjecture as to the author's method of turning very good High-German into very bad Suabian while looking over his proofs.

BEPPLO THE CONSCRIPT.*

FEW writers of fiction are more amusingly outspoken in their antipathies than Mr. T. A. Trollope. As it was in *La Beata*, so it is in the novel before us; unmodified hatred of the Roman priesthood, and unquestioning belief in its powers of mischief-making, supply the spice and fibre of the narrative. Dr. Cumming may describe Popery as the Beast; Mr. Trollope detests it as such. A novel written under this kind of inspiration can hardly turn out a good book. "All, as in some piece of art," may be "toil co-operant to an end." But to what end? In the achievements of genuine art it is essential that the end proposed shall be, if not productive of delight, at any rate invested with some predominating human interest. It should have reference to some principle of universal application, or to some emotion common to the whole race. This is the justification of the otherwise too terrible design of *Romola*. The silent, inevitable weaving of Tito's fatal net would have thrown a cold shade of unnecessary repulsiveness over the narrative, were it not that the whole is a tribute to the great elemental instincts of right dealing, and gratitude, and filial regard. In *Bepplo the Conscript* the end proposed—or at any rate the end attained—is neither a lofty nor an attractive one. It is simply the denunciation of the existing Italian priesthood, especially of the priests belonging to the rural districts in the peninsula. It is to exhibit their illiberality, their chicanery, their want of loyalty to their country's welfare, and of ordinary insight into the probable course of future events. The scene to which we are introduced is the beautiful "garden of Italy," lying between Bologna and Ancona, and bounded by the Adriatic and the Apennines. The time is some four years ago, when the Government of Victor Emmanuel was putting in force the new measure of conscription. To the Romagna farmer or peasant this measure was in the highest degree repugnant. Bad and oppressive administration he had been used to; he could both understand and submit to that; but the conscription was a totally new burden. He was not averse to fighting, but to be forced away from his home on foreign service was a prospect that he at once dreaded and detested. This antipathy was not so strongly exhibited by the population of the towns, where enough education was as to make the vital necessity and the real nature of the conscription better understood. But among the stalwart *contadini* and peasantry of the hills—the very class on which the recruiting officer fixed his keenest regard—ignorance served the double purpose of making a young Romagna conscript obstinate, and helping his priest to keep him so. In his eyes, Piedmont was as much a foreign land as Kamtschatka. Hence arose opportunities which far less adroit manoeuvrers than Mr. Trollope's priests—who never let the grass grow under their feet—would have been ashamed to let slip. There was a double game to be played whenever a young parishioner chanced to draw an unlucky number. Neither must the youth serve nor must his father pay money to buy him off. To balk the heretic King both of the son's right arm and the father's *scudi* was a double and highly gratifying triumph. The conscript must therefore be aided and abetted in "taking to the hills." There would be something the reverse of distasteful to a young peasant in shaking himself free from hoeing and pruning work, and in starting on a holiday of indefinite length, which, if it promised hardships, promised adventures too. And, at worst, a lodging on the cold ground of beloved Romagna would be better than comfortable quarters under the flag of the Church's enemy. All sorts and conditions of clerical persons therefore instinctively clubbed together to give the fugitive a helping hand—a meal here, a night's lodging yonder, now and then a permanent asylum. He might be armed too, if he wished it, for every shot fired would serve the right cause in one way or other. "If the soldier in pursuit is killed," was the sacerdotal argument, "the King loses a man, and is shown that the country is disaffected. If the peasant falls, there is the outcry against the Government, and the odium."

At the village of Santa Lucia, not far from the little city of Fano on the Adriatic, the elements of a lively effort at disaffected resistance are skilfully grouped together by Mr. Trollope. At some distance from the village stands the farmhouse of Bella Luce, tenanted by a rich old *contadino*, Paolo Vanni, his wife and two sons, and also by an orphan niece, Giulia Vanni—

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Old Paolo had been executor to Giulia's father; and having shown, to the world's entire satisfaction, that when all had been paid the girl was penniless, he had earned a fair name by giving

* *Bepplo the Conscript. A Novel.* By T. A. Trollope, Author of *La Beata*, &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

her a home at Bella Luce. The reader is, however, given to understand that there were some curious secrets about the executorship accounts, and that Paolo's merits were by no means so great as they appeared to the vulgar eye. The occasion is improved by a hint that the whole story was perfectly well-known, *sub sigillo confessionis*, to Don Evandro Baluffi, the priest of Santa Lucia. Of the two sons, Beppo, the elder, is a "fine figure of a man," a little slow, but capable of intense feeling, and endowed with many rare practical qualities. As he grows up, his whole life centres in one consuming passion for his cousin Giulia. Both are well aware of the storm of opposition with which any proposal for their union would be met. Giulia spins industriously and is exceedingly serviceable about the house, and on those terms her presence is not unacceptable; but she is rarely permitted to forget that she is only a poor relation, after all—"a Vanni, worse luck," as the old farmer considerably and delicately words it. The notion of her being united to his eldest son, the heir of Bella Luce, when there was Lisa Bartoldi, the rich attorney's daughter at Fano, who seemed indicated by nature as the future mistress of the farm, was one that would have irritated him past all bearing could he have supposed any one foolish enough to entertain it at all. The priest, of course, is perfectly well aware that Beppo, to employ Mr. Weller's phrase, is the victim of a "priory tachment." But he has an unfaltering trust in his own powers of scheming, and lays himself out to scheme that simple-hearted youth into the desired union with Lisa—a measure which would greatly enhance his already excessive influence over the Vanni family. A proposal happens to be made by old Bartoldi that Giulia shall take a place in Fano, as half-servant, half-companion to a jovial old widow of his acquaintance. By a union of forces between himself and the priest this proposal is accepted, to the utter dismay of the ill-starred Beppo, who is, however, considerably reassured by a moonlight meeting which, after innumerable failures, he contrives to effect with Giulia. Mr. T. A. Trollope's singular deficiency in dramatic power is no where more conspicuous than in his lovers' meetings. His Apennine landscapes and studies of rural and domestic economy are always interesting, and sometimes drawn with excellent effect; but the moment that he attempts to make the human being speak and move under the influence of excitement or strong emotion, that moment he becomes tame or grotesque. In the moonlight *rencontre* by the cypress tree, Beppo extorts from Giulia the promising admission that she hates all men but one, and does not hate him. Upon which Mr. Trollope gives us this queer little sketch of an Italian farmer's son proceeding syllogistically in the analysis of a young woman's feelings:—

"If you hate all other men, and don't hate me, I am the only man you don't hate," said Beppo, proceeding cautiously to the construction of his syllogism, but with a strictly rigorous induction which would have done honour to an Aristotelian.

"I didn't say that," retorted Giulia, with her sex's instinctive rebellion against a logical necessity. "Come, let me pass. I won't stay talking with you here any longer."

"It's a great thing to know that you don't hate me," said Beppo, still meditatively, but looking into Giulia's face with wistful eyes.

This sort of thing, however, is high art when compared with a portentous scene that occurs later in the narrative, and of which we shall speak presently. By the middle of the second volume Beppo has reached the nadir of his afflicted fortunes. He has drawn an unlucky number at the conscription-ballot in Fano; and having discovered (as he believes) that Giulia is playing him false with a certain Corporal Tenda, consents to gratify the priest by taking to the hills, in return for the priest's undertaking that Giulia shall be reinstated in the safe privacy of Bella Luce as soon as he is gone. Armed with mysterious watch-words and instructions from his reverend adviser, Beppo reaches in safety a remote and almost inaccessible friary among the mountains. But hardly is his back turned, when the much-dreaded "screw" is put on at Bella Luce. The old farmer was made, sorely against his will, to bear the burden that the Government found it advisable to lay on the friends of absconding conscripts, and to board and lodge a picket of soldiers until he might see fit to reproduce his son and restore him to the service. The corporal in command of this picket is—as he could not fail to be—Corporal Tenda, who by this time has actually made an honourable and eligible offer to the faithful Giulia, and been as honourably refused. Beppo, in his distant retreat, hears that the very man detested by him as a lucky rival is quartered in the same house with Giulia, and in a frantic state of rage and jealousy sets out homewards, with the resolution of denouncing Giulia to her face as a traitress, and then surrendering himself to the military guard. At nearly the same time that he sets out from the friary, Giulia is setting out from Bella Luce to meet him. The faithful girl (ignorant of Beppo's outrageous dislike of the corporal) had contrived to send a note to her lover's distant lodging, and to appoint a rendezvous. The appointment is discovered by the soldiers at the farm, and Giulia heroically undertakes a long night journey on foot to meet and deter him from coming. They meet at the Furlò Pass, the lady half-dead of fatigue, and the gentleman half-mad with jealousy. Matters are not mended when Corporal Tenda, who has dogged Giulia's footsteps all night, appears on the scene, and calls on Beppo to surrender. Beppo fires on his rival, but without inflicting the slightest harm, and then—by a superhuman leap—lands himself beyond reach of pursuit on the further side of a torrent rushing between two high walls of rock. The corporal magnanimously declares, from one of the overhanging platforms,

that he will waive the right of shooting him, and then quietly returns to Bella Luce, leaving the two lovers in anything but a tranquil state of mind, and on the opposite sides of a tolerably wide stream. Across this stream Mr. Trollope forces Beppo and Giulia to bawl alternate recriminations and explanations through twenty mortal pages—one-thirtieth part of his entire work. Indeed, this conversation must have supplied a very full weekly ration to the readers of *Once a Week*, in which serial *Beppo the Conscript* has recently appeared. It seems just to have occurred to Mr. Trollope that the situation was a little odd, and he throws in a word of explanation which only serves to make matters look more grotesque than before:—

It was hard upon [Giulia] to have to bawl the poor little hesitating confession of her beating heart at the top of her voice. However, she was happily a stout healthy-nerved *contadina*, and not trained to a just appreciation of the properties of delicate situations. So she resumed aloud:—

"I was saying, Beppo, that people don't easily forget the only happy moment they have in their lives to remember."

A very probable speech to have come offhand from the refined mind of a "stout healthy-nerved *contadina*," whose education was barely equal to the task of writing a letter to her lover. At length, as matters begin to draw towards a better understanding, a *Deus ex machina* hails the lovers from the road. He hauls Beppo out of his lair by means of a rope which he fortunately has at hand, exhibits Victor Emmanuel's proclamation of pardon to all absconded conscripts who should return by an appointed day, and lends his *calessino* to the happy pair in order to hasten their return to Bella Luce. Beppo turns out a capital soldier, does good work in putting down brigandage at Naples, and on getting a year's leave marries Giulia, to the satisfaction of everybody, excepting, possibly, the priest. Mr. Trollope's parting mention of him is characteristically tart:—

Among the most recent news from the Romagna is that of the conviction and punishment of a number of parish priests for the crime of instigating their parishioners to desertion; and in the list of these may be found the name of Don Evandro Baluffi—or, at all events, of one who acted exactly as Don Evandro had been described to have acted.

A rose by any other name, we know, would smell as sweet; and the conviction of a priest, under any other name, let us hope, will prove as salutary!

We should be sorry to say anything in disparagement of the real merits of Mr. Trollope's last tale. These are very considerable. His powers of a certain kind of description are not by any means common; and the scenery and rural life of Northern Italy are illustrated with very happy effect in *Beppo*. The drawbacks are, first, the author's curious meagreness of invention and dramatic skill; and, secondly, his want of judgment in selecting abuse of the Italian priesthood as the *point d'appui* of his book. Writers of his school appear to forget how slight a turn of the pen would suffice to impart a totally different colour to the moral. Don Evandro might easily have been drawn a model pastor—the guide, philosopher, and friend of a devoted flock, a pattern to all his fellow-creatures, whether clerical or lay. A powerful description of dissolute barrack-life might have been added, and the sympathies of the reader might have been diverted by a score of devices from the "heretic King" to the model priest. The simple fact is, that art was never intended to be degraded into a mere appliance of controversy. Whether a novel be written for or against baptismal regeneration, in support or in derision of the Pope's infallibility, it is only too likely to be a warped and misconceived publication.

AUTOGRAPH FACSIMILES.*

SOME few months ago we noticed, with high commendation, the *Handbook to Autographs*, published by Mr. F. G. Netherclift, the lithographic facsimilist, assisted by Mr. R. Sims, of the British Museum. We then expressed a hope that these gentlemen would undertake the reproduction of some entire letters, or at least of passages of such length that the reader might see not only the signatures of so many celebrated persons, but some characteristic specimens of their style. The hint was taken, and we have before us the four parts already published of a most interesting series, in which Mr. Netherclift, helped by the same coadjutor, gives us a selection of complete letters, or documents of historical importance, from various sources. Each part contains six letters, and costs three shillings. The pages are not numbered, nor are the subjects arranged in any order, either alphabetical or chronological. The advantages of this plan are threefold. Any collector may bind these facsimiles as may be most convenient; and any one may begin, or leave off, subscribing to the series at any moment. On the other hand, the publishers, not being bound to any prescribed order, may take any interesting document whenever it falls in their way; and, again, they may discontinue the publication, in case it should not meet with sufficient patronage, without doing any wrong to their subscribers, all of whom will have received their full money's worth at the time in each number that they may have bought. But as the materials for such a collection as this are inexhaustible, and the interest of these original letters is likely to grow rather than to decrease, there seems to be no reason why the series should end so long as Mr. Netherclift can produce his facsimiles with the ex-

* *The Autograph Souvenir*. A Collection of Autograph Letters, Interesting Documents, &c., executed in Facsimile by Frederick George Netherclift; with Letterpress Transcriptions, &c., by Richard Sims. Parts I. to IV.

The Autographic Mirror; containing Facsimiles of Documents, Letters, &c. Nos. I. and II.

treme beauty and truthfulness which characterize those now before us. We must add that Mr. Sims has performed his share of the task most satisfactorily. Every letter or document is transcribed, and, where necessary, translated; and a few judiciously chosen explanatory notes are added. Without transcription, translation, and annotation, we are bound to say that not a few of the more early of these autographs would be, to all but experts, quite unintelligible.

It is time to notice the contents of the *Autograph Souvenir* more in detail. The first letter is one by Queen Elizabeth, a holograph, addressed to James VI. of Scotland (circ. 1 Feb. 1586-7), "offering various arguments for the necessity of putting Mary Queen of Scots to death." The original is in the British Museum. It is very hard to read this facsimile, and scarcely more easy to make out the meaning of the printed transcript. The sentences are very crabbed and involved, the spelling very irregular, and the contractions numerous. Moreover, there are no stops; and we do not think that Mr. Sims has always been happy in his partial punctuation of the transcript. This is followed by another letter from Elizabeth to James (circ. 1588), in which she makes a solemn imprecation in proof of her innocence as to Mary's death. Here is one sentence:—"God the cherser of all harts even so have miserieorde of my soule as my innocencye in that mattar deserveth and no otherwise wiche invocation wer to dangerous for a gilty conscience." Next we have a short letter from Gustavus Vasa, which is duly translated; and then a letter to Fairfax from Oliver Cromwell, dated August 10, 1646, copied from the Sloane Manuscripts. A private collection affords a letter from Robert Burns to Mrs. Dunlap. It is not stated whether it has ever been published. "Dryden's Virgil has delighted me," says Burns. "I don't know whether the critics will agree with me, but the Georgics are to me by far the best of Virgil. . . . I own I am disappointed with the *Æneid*." We have seldom seen a more interesting document than the last one contained in this *fasciculus*. It is a letter from Mozart, written in September 1791, describing the importunities of the unknown person for whom—according to the well-known story—he wrote the *Requiem*. We give this as it is translated:—

Most honoured Sir. I would follow your advice, but know not how. My head is troubled, and I can scarcely compose, yet I cannot get from my sight the figure of this unknown. I see him perpetually; he requests, solicits, importunes me for the work. I continue, because composing fatigues me less than repose. Besides I have no longer anything to fear. I know by my own feelings that the hour approaches, and that I must shortly breathe my last. I have finished before I have enjoyed the fruits of my talent. Yet life has been so sweet, and my career opened before me under such fortunate auspices. But we cannot change our destiny. No one measures his own days; we must therefore be resigned. Whatever Providence ordains will be accomplished; and now I conclude. This is my funeral dirge; I ought not to leave it unfinished. Mozart. Vienna, 7bre. 1791.

We pass by a letter from Lord Clarendon to come to one of singular interest from the Chevalier Bayard to M. Dalegre, asking for the arrears of pay for his lansquenets. It seems a miracle to unskilled eyes that any one should be able to decipher the abominable hand-writing—a mere succession of rude separate scratches—by which that peerless knight conveyed his meaning. The original is in the collection of Mr. P. O'Callaghan. From Mr. Young's collection comes a very long letter to King James from Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex. This is exceedingly well written, and might well be taken for a century later than its proper date. After a short note from the ninth Earl of Argyll, we come to a valuable letter from the Duke of Wellington, written from Vienna to Lord Beresford after Buonaparte's escape from Elba; and one to the same from George Canning, commenting on the Duke's proposals.

Part III. opens with a beautifully written letter from Ariosto, dated October 16, 1522, and addressed to Nicolao Zardino, on the subject of the extradition of some bandits. Here we may say, once for all, that we regret the omission of the superscriptions or endorsements of these letters. Mr. Netherclift gives us the contents with scrupulous fidelity, but he uniformly leaves out the addresses. Next, a letter to Sir William Waller from Pym is balanced by a courteous epistle from Strafford to "My Lady Jephson," to whose daughter, "Mistress Ruishe," the writer's brother was a suitor. Strafford was an excellent scribe, writing a tall, cramped, but neat and graceful hand. Laud, on the contrary—from whom we have a letter to an unknown correspondent, dated August 2, 1640—is impulsive and careless, writing a rapid but vigorous scrawl. This letter contains a very characteristic paragraph:—"In Essex the soldiers are very unruly, and now begin to pull up the rails in churches, and in a manner to saye they will Reforme since the Laws ar everye whear broken. 'Tis stark naught thear, and certainly bye Infusion." Frederick the Great is next represented by a French sonnet addressed to Algarotti, written in a niggling but legible running-hand. In curious contrast to this is the autograph of Nelson—a facsimile of the very last words penned by his hand—the unfinished letter to Lady Hamilton which was found open on his desk after the battle of Trafalgar:—"As my last writing before the battle will be to you," he says, "so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the battle." And the last sentence, written just before going into action, is this:—"May God Almighty give us success over these fellows and enable us to get a Peace."

The contents of the most recently published part are scarcely less interesting. A letter, indeed, from Salvatore Rosa contains nothing very striking; and one from Sir Henry Vane (the younger) to the Commissioners of the Admiralty is only curious for the

writer's sake. The signature of this last is about the most illegible combination of letters that we can remember. We suppose Messrs. Netherclift and Sims are right in so deciphering it, but we confess that we should never have guessed it from the actual scrawl. A letter from Charles I. to the Duke of Ormond—in its caligraphy not unlike Strafford's—is a very valuable document. It is dated from Cardiff in July 1645. This is followed by one (undated) from Henrietta Maria to her brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans. Then we find a letter to Prince Rupert from James Graham the famous Marquis of Montrose, in which he subscribes himself as "Yr Highness most passionatt servand." Finally Mr. Netherclift has facsimiled from the original in the Record Office the anonymous letter to Lord Mounteagle which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The editor, from a comparison of handwritings, inclines to the opinion that its writer was not, as is commonly supposed, Mrs. Mary Habington, Lord Mounteagle's sister, but rather a friend of that lady, one Mrs. Anne Vaux. It is a very curious paper, and it is here exactly reproduced. The transcript of it also is printed correctly without punctuation. We think that our readers will acknowledge the high interest which belongs to the *Autograph Souvenir*. The admirable execution of the lithography is a point that will strike every observer.

As might have been expected, this well-timed publication has not escaped rivalry. The *Autographic Mirror* has been started in competition, at a lower price. This series makes its appearance in an awkward folio size, with the transcripts and annotations clumsily printed in the margins. The notes are far from accurate, and are often in bad taste. The lithography of the facsimiles—which is a still more important fault—is exceedingly coarse and ill-printed. It must be admitted, however, that the Editor has brought together some very curious letters, scraps, and documents. But ought he to publish the letters of living contemporaries without permission? For instance, he gives a letter from Mr. Charles Dickens which he tells us will be "a surprise" to the writer. Unless we much mistake, Mr. Dickens would rather not have been "surprised" by the publication of a long-forgotten letter. We feel it to be a duty to society to protest in the strongest terms against the practice of printing people's private letters without the express consent of the writers. It is not only dishonourable in the highest degree to do so, but it is also, we believe, illegal. A man has not such complete property in a private letter, even if it be addressed to himself, as would entitle him to publish it without the writer's permission. The Editor of the *Autographic Mirror* apologizes to Mr. Dickens for this breach of confidence with some fulsome compliments that are not likely to mend his case. His magazine will become a public nuisance if he continues to insert in it, without leave or license, for the sake of extending its sale, what he is pleased to call "characteristic" private letters of his distinguished contemporaries. We notice, in addition, one considerable blunder. Anyone accustomed to read handwriting may see that the letter given on page 9 as a holograph of Sir Philip Sidney is written by another hand, the subscription alone being in Sidney's autograph.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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